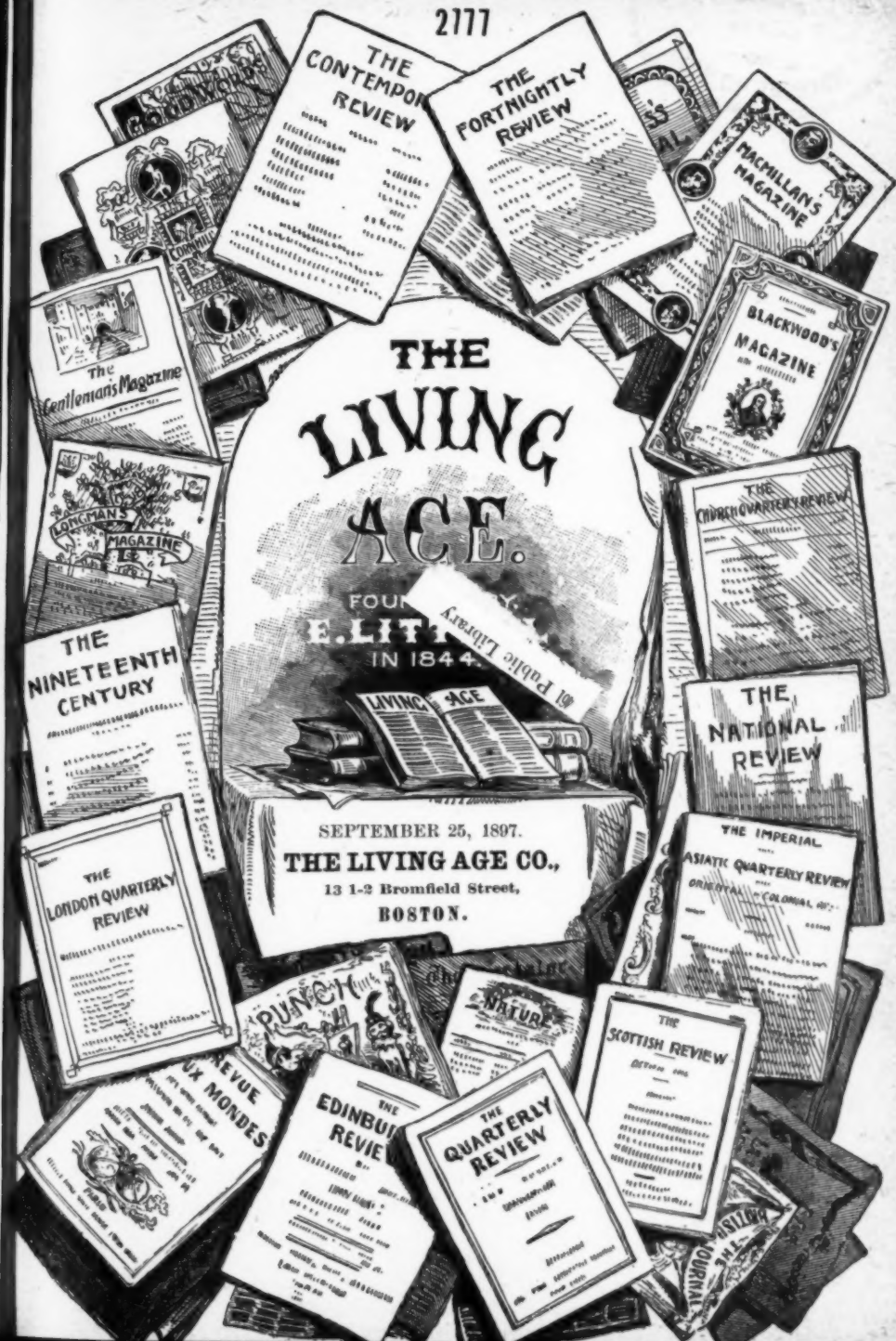
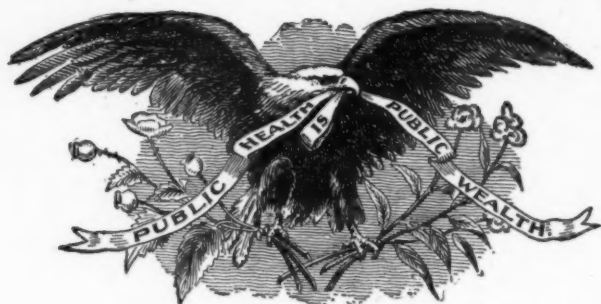


## MACHIAVELLI IN MODERN POLITICS.

2177



# THE SANITARIAN



**A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**

*Established in 1873.*

"THE SANITARIAN for June, 1892, contains a life-sketch of its venerable and distinguished editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, and several contributions upon 'The triumphs of preventive medicine,' in the interest of which Dr. Bell has labored so long and so successfully. \* \* \* No one has been so long, so patient and so persistent in awakening public attention to an interest in this cause. No one has filled so many positions demanding skill in practical work. No one has been more successful in practical work under great difficulties. The writer of the article is Dr. Stephen Smith, the eminent surgeon and author."—*Tennessee State Board of Health Bulletin.*

Based at the outset upon medical knowledge and sanitary service, over an extensive field of observation in various climates in different quarters of the world, large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical sanitation for the maintenance of health under the most trying circumstances:

"The Sanitarian is"—

## AS OTHERS SEE IT—

"The American authority for everything appertaining to the healthful condition of the people at large. The contributions are from medical men whose writings are accepted as authority," (*Virginia Chronicle*); "The best sanitary publication in America," (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications," (*Medical World*); "Has accomplished more good than all of the other sanitary papers put together," (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*); "The value of a good sanitary publication can hardly be estimated. The superior of THE SANITARIAN we have never seen," (*The Free Methodist*); "The editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, is well known to the mercantile community for his co-operation with the merchants in quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in sanitary science," (*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*).

"THE SANITARIAN has been the exponent of the most progressive science of hygiene for more than twenty years," (*The Living Church*).

Two volumes yearly. The volumes begin January and July; subscription at any time.

**TERMS:** \$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number. **SAMPLE COPIES**, 20 cents—ten two-cent Postage Stamps.

✉ All correspondence and exchanges with THE SANITARIAN, and all publications for review, should be addressed to the Editor,

Dr. A. N. BELL,  
337 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.







# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume XV.

No. 2777—September 25, 1897.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. ETHICS AND SCIENCE. By Julia Wedgwood, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	843
II. IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD. By Paul Heyse. Translated for The Living Age by Harriet Lieber Cohen. Part IV . . . . .		852
III. MISS KINGSLEY IN WEST AFRICA, . . . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	857
IV. THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Second Notice, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum</i> , . . . . .	870
V. MACHIAVELLI IN MODERN POLITICS. By Frederick Greenwood, . . . . .	<i>Cosmopolis</i> , . . . . .	876
VI. AT DAWN OF DAY. By a Son of the Marshes, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	885
VIII. A MEMORABLE ART CLASS. By Thomas Sulman, . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	889
VIII. FISH AND FOWL IN THE NORFOLK MEAL-MARSHES, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	893
IX. THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A DRAGON FLY. By Rev. A. East, . . . . .	<i>Knowledge</i> , . . . . .	895
Title and Index to Volume CCXIV.		

## POETRY.

THE EVERLASTING NO, . . . . .	842	A CHILD'S DREAMS, . . . . .	842
LES ROSES DE SAADI, . . . . .	842	BROKEN LIGHTS, . . . . .	842

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE. 15 cents.

## THE EVERLASTING NO.

Thou who hast seen for once and all the  
 vision,  
 Thou who hast felt high discontent,  
 And known the bitter sweet of great am-  
 bition  
 Not for these short-lived follies thou  
 wast meant.

Yet which to follow of the striving voices,  
 Faith, knowledge, nature, still to meet  
 Surfeit in pleasure, in faith superstition,  
 In knowledge weariness, in love deceit?

Forth to the wilderness? Ah, I see only  
 Desert winds shaking the desert reeds:  
 Ignorant and thirsting still and lonely  
 Shall solitude suffice my thousand  
 needs?

What though the inner eye be filled with  
 seeing,  
 What though the mountain and the plain  
 be great,  
 Only to think and brood in dreams of  
 being,  
 This cannot solve the riddle of our fate.

Sight of the stars and conscious sense of  
 duty,  
 These are but drops in the still vacant  
 heart,  
 These have I known and felt and loved  
 their beauty  
 With half my soul, nor filled the other  
 part.

HERBERT WARREN.

## LES ROSES DE SAADI.

This morning I would gather you some  
 roses,  
 But lo! too many sweets my lap encloses,  
 The knotted girdle breaks,  
 The wind my treasure takes.

The stream bears fast away the gathered  
 roses,  
 It runs flame-red; my raiment never loses  
 The stain of purple bloom,  
 Nor yet its sweet perfume.

The stream flows crimson; gathered are  
 the roses,  
 Not one bud more, nor red, nor white  
 uncloses  
 Its petals wide for love—  
 I keep the scent thereof.

At morn I said, "I go to gather roses,"  
 And now at eve I'll say, while daylight  
 closes,

Take incense! breathe from me  
 The fragrant memory!

MARCELINE VALMORE.

## A CHILD'S DREAMS.

When bed-time came, and childish prayers  
 were prayed,  
 She fell asleep, for all dear tales were  
 told—  
 Aladdin's lamp, the dwarf's enchanted  
 gold,  
 And simple rhymes that please a littl.  
 maid.  
 And now her curls—how like the soft, dark  
 braid  
 Worn next my heart—fall, tangled fold  
 in fold,  
 Whilst with kissed cheeks deep pillowed  
 from the cold  
 She dreams, watched close by love, and  
 unafraid.  
 What silver shapes and shining fantasies  
 Make night dreams strange as day  
 dreams, and more fair!  
 The red-cloaked witch who climbed  
 Rappunzel's hair  
 Haunts she this slumber? or may now  
 arise  
 Her mother's presence stooping softly  
 there,  
 With shadowy hair, and misty love-lit  
 eyes?

EUGENE MASON.

## BROKEN LIGHTS.

If some old doctrine of thy youth  
 Thou may'st no more repeat,  
 Gaze not as though God's very truth  
 Lay shattered at thy feet.

What though the broken moonbeam spill  
 Its silver o'er the tide,  
 See through the clouds how sure and still  
 The fair round moon doth ride!

FREDERICK LANGEBRIDGE.

From *The Contemporary Review*.  
ETHICS AND SCIENCE.

Those who can look back, through the mists and storms of nearly half a century, to the comparative lull between the political agitation of the Crimean war and the intellectual agitation stirred by "The Origin of Species," will recall the publication of a book the immediate effect of which was much stronger than its permanent position in literature would appear to justify. Buckle's "Introduction to the History of Civilization" remains, indeed, a volume of much interest, and has its warm partisans, whose claim for it would chime in with all that was felt by its earliest readers; but a remark made on it by one who was among its most enthusiastic admirers on its first appearance—Charles Darwin—recurs now almost as a verdict. "How curiously the fortune of books changes!" he said, on re-perusing that one shortly before his death; "what a stir that book made among us when it first came out, and now it is dead!" Its significance for the student of to-day is that of some ancient mark of high tide where the land has gained upon the sea—it records a limit that has long vanished. Its argument may be summed up in a few sentences. There is in the world such a thing as progress; civilization is a growing thing. Morality, on the other hand (he assumed), is evidently a stationary thing. A good man at one age is much the same as a good man at another. Therefore civilization (he inferred) must depend on something which is capable of increase, and this is evidently knowledge. The momentum and the direction of progress are given exclusively by science. As one gives this bald summary of a book which took the world by storm, one wonders that its wealth of illustration and vigor of expression could blind its readers to assumptions so baseless. But Buckle, daring heretic as he thought himself and was thought by others, when he assumed that moral development was only individual, merely echoed a view then common to the thoughtless and the thoughtful. John Mill, in his essay on "Utilitarianism," urges that on the issue whether morality is intuitive or what he

called utilitarian—decided, that is, by considerations referring to general enjoyment—depends the further issue, whether it is an advancing or a stationary thing. "How so?" asked a reviewer (in words here necessarily remembered and not copied). "Why must we take this for granted? Why should not the general conscience be a growing thing, as well as the general knowledge?" The review, which is traceable to the pen of Dr. Martineau, was the earliest protest I can recall from contemporary literature against a view which ignores or defies the lessons of all history.

Nothing is more unquestionable, surely, than that the character and actions which men admired and approved, for instance, in the thirteenth century are different from those which we admire and approve now. Many people think that the good man of the nineteenth century is better than the good man of the thirteenth; a few think that he is not so good; the wise and thoughtful, who are also few, consider that he is both better and worse; but all would agree that he is different. The best of men were ready then for actions from which the worst would shrink in our day. Who, in our time, would burn a fellow-creature alive? Six hundred years ago it would have been the most ardent philanthropists who were ready for that action. We cannot say that philanthropy was unreal then and is real now. We may be very thankful that it is purged of noxious and hateful superstition; but if we suppose that it was in no spirit of love for mankind that a St. Dominic desired to burn a heretic, then we are equally blinded by superstition of our own. We cannot measure our approximation to the moral feeling of the past by our actual nearness to it. If we look back a little way we shall find ourselves among men who felt very differently from the way their representatives feel to-day; if we go back much farther we may find ourselves among people much more sympathetic with our own standard. Cicero and Horace would be more likely to agree with nineteenth-century men of the world than Dominic and Francis of Assisi would. Mr. Huxley or Mr. John

Morley would be more out of sympathy with Luther than either of them would be with Pericles. But, just as there is an increase of temperature from January to July, and a decrease from July to December, though a warm day in January or December may sometimes be as warm as a cold day in July, so there is a change in the progress of the ages—a change which some may assimilate to the first of these and some to the second, but which, one way or another, none can ignore. The change would generally be summed up in the word "progress"—we can, indeed, hardly find another word to describe it—although the implied decision that the progress is in the right direction is not accepted by every one. I remember it being abused, to my great surprise, by Mr. Froude. I know not whether he has ever maintained in print a view which seems so much out of keeping with the general tenor of his work, but it was certainly serious at the time, now far remote, at which he expressed it to me, and it is one in which he was not absolutely singular. But belief in the change, with or without satisfaction in it, is now universal.

We do not need to open those records of the past which we label as history for proofs of a change in men's impulses and feelings quite as great as any in their beliefs, habits or knowledge. Men now living may remember, might possibly have fought, a duel. Certainly there is nothing in which people *less* differ than in their objection to a violent death. Yet a number of people who in our own time would be quite incapable of an act requiring so much nerve, were ready, less than a hundred years ago, to stand to be shot at. It was at least as dangerous to fight a duel, in the days when duels were a reality, as it is to jump into the water to save a drowning person. We do not explain the change in ascribing it to the influence of public opinion. What makes public opinion? It is not as if one set of persons somehow made another set of persons go and fight; it was a practice which society imposed upon itself. Nor can we say that the progress of knowledge had much to do with the abandonment of a practice which lin-

gered only among the classes attending the universities. We may say that the decay of duelling is a result of the spread of humane feeling, or of the shrinking of military feeling; both statements are true, and each is incomplete. In either case, it is an illustration of that principle of evolution, so strangely ignored till it was universally accepted, by which men's desires and emotions change from generation to generation, whether the change be regarded as loss or gain.

It is difficult to realize that the recognition of anything so obvious is recent. But much publication of new truth is, in fact, an illumination of the obvious; certainly this is true of the doctrine of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection. That more animals are brought into the world every year than can survive to leave offspring, that those who do survive to leave offspring must be the fittest to survive, that their offspring inherit more or less of those characteristics which fit them to survive—these are not opinions. They may be described as a string of truisms. Some of them are also important truths. Long before the publication of "The Origin of Species" the moral bearing of heredity weighed with any wise master who engaged a servant, with any wise father who sanctioned a marriage; other things might outweigh it, but there it was. The resemblance of child to parent is, indeed, even more moral than it is intellectual. A father cannot bequeath his knowledge otherwise than by giving his son the opportunity of learning, as he might give it to any one else. He may not, it is true, bequeath his ideal of conduct—a Marcus Aurelius may leave a Commodus as his heir, but the very conspicuousness of that contrast marks it as exceptional. To ponder over the fact that every generation transmits to its successor some feelings and impulses derived from its predecessor is to discern the bearing of moral evolution. No one ever denied the facts, though, as translated into theory, they revolutionized the world of thought.

The influence of a new philosophy is a complex thing, and may be stated, from different points of view, with what

looks like inconsistency. If Buckle were living now, he might point out the moral vicissitude of the closing century as a striking illustration of what he had meant to say, though he would have to modify his dialect in expressing it. "Was there ever a greater change produced in the moral world," he might ask, "than that which resulted from the Darwinian theory of creation?" or, as he would doubtless have expressed it, from a knowledge of a true method of creation. And in whatever else we might disagree with him, we could not deny that the change, which may be briefly described as the substitution of a world making for a world made, was the greatest in our intellectual history. It was an alteration similar to that by which the law regulating the movement of an apple or a falling leaf was recognized as regulating also the movements of worlds vastly greater than our own. And in that case also a moral accompanied an intellectual revolution. The astronomers who, in the picturesque and homely words of Mr. Huxley, swept away much beside. The old medieval conceptions of the earth, with the heavens above and a dark world below, though it had undergone much modification before the time of Newton, embodied and typified a whole system of ethics, which was destroyed only with the "cycle and epicycle, orb on orb," to which Milton alludes in the very crisis of their disappearance. The ideas of the moral world have been almost as different, since the time of Newton, as the ideas of the physical world. Everybody knows, more or less, what is meant by the spirit of the eighteenth century; it has come to be a synonym for criticism, scepticism, disbelief. How much of this is a result of the vast change which revolutionized men's conceptions of the physical universe is not equally a matter of general agreement; but there was surely some connection between the two things. The revolution which discarded what ordinary common sense had assumed, which taught men to invert the conceptions of tradition, and believe that the seeming stationary body was whirling rapidly—the seeming motion was imaginary; this taught men also to call in question all

their inherited views, it stimulated the mental act of rejection, it gave new theory the prestige of a recent and glorious victory. With that victory, the antithesis of heaven and earth disappeared alike from the physical and moral world. From one point of view heaven itself disappeared. The high "above" changed to the wide "around;" the words "above" and "below" lost their meaning. How wonderfully linked are the sensible and the spiritual worlds! We may repeat what has just been said of the former with almost equal applicability to the latter. The high and the low, to a great extent, lost their meaning here also. Earth, in its new brilliancy, attracted men's whole attention.

The change which took place then is strikingly analogous to that of our own age. What the discovery of gravitation did for space, that the discovery of evolution did for time. As under the influence of the first a law supposed only terrestrial expanded to fill the universe; so under the influence of the second, a process supposed complete in the six days of Creation, expanded to fill the ages of our planet's existence. The first change cancelled the antithesis of heaven and earth, the second change cancelled the antithesis between Creation and that unmiraculous condition which we supposed to have followed it. The stationary world vanished as the dark world had vanished, and we found ourselves the spectators of creation as we had found ourselves the inhabitants of a star. Of conceptions so vast as these it is difficult to say that they are *merely* anything, but, so far as we can concentrate our attention on their limits, we may say that the views of the universe introduced both by the Newtonian and the Darwinian science are purely intellectual. Yet there is no reasonable doubt that both register a moral change. All who ponder over the history of thought will allow that at the time when this earth was seen itself to be one of "those wandering fires which move in mystic dance," the secular interests of men took a new importance. If we turn from the great men of the seventeenth century—Cromwell, Milton, Jeremy

Taylor, Bossuet, and Fénelon—to the great men of the eighteenth—Walpole, Locke, Pope, Voltaire, and Rousseau—or even to such survivals of the elder spirit as Berkeley and Butler, we feel that life has taken a new coloring, untinged by the hopes and fears that are associated with eternity. The moral transformation is not an unquestionable gain, the intellectual acquisition is a triumph of truth, and yet surely these two changes are not unrelated. The new world was a suitable environment for the new race.

But far more is this true of the moral change produced by the idea of evolution. An alteration regarding time is a more spiritual thing than an alteration regarding space. The principle of evolution concerns the whole future as well as the whole past. We cannot say it was active up to a particular date and then ceased working, nor can we say it is true of man's bodily organs and not of his soul. It is simply the name for creative activity everywhere and always. Such a conception cannot suddenly conquer the world without producing a moral result. The stir created by "The Origin of Species" was caused not merely, I think not chiefly, by the enforced surrender of the first two chapters of Genesis. It was the half-conscious recoil of a traditional morality from a new influence pregnant with revolution. From the first it was possible to discern that the new doctrine concerned not physical life alone. The Sabbath benediction under the light of evolution appeared in the future; the history of our planet traced a slow approach towards the golden age which had vanished from the past, every generation seemed to measure a step towards a clearer vision as well as a more complete development, and we might mark our approximation towards a better condition by the mere process of comparing dates. This, at least, was the first aspect of the new doctrine as it appeared under the guise of "the survival of the fittest." A principle which traced all development to accumulated variations from an original type added some inferences not indispensable to every theory of evolution. If the origin of new species was to be sought in the

eccentricity of individuals, a potential sanction seemed impressed on what had been regarded as transgression and mutiny. Variation being regarded as the instrument of creation, the *direction* of variation appeared a secondary matter. What was wanted was experiment. The action of Eve ceased to be a sin and became a duty. To adhere to the standards of the past was to arrest development. The burden of proof was thus shifted from him who would introduce the new to him who would retain the old. *Because* a relation, a custom, a moral attitude was right yesterday, it appeared, under the new light, likely to be wrong to-day. Our goal, then, must now be our point of departure.

Observe how this ideal has modified all that grouping of human relations which forms the framework of duty. We may say, with very little exaggeration, that whatever was a dogma to our fathers has become a problem to our children. We cannot take up a novel or a magazine without finding something called in question which half a century ago seemed as fixed as the stars. Perhaps the Ten Commandments were as little obeyed then as they are now. But their authority was then denied only by a few daring heretics, liable in extreme cases to civil penalties. Now we can hardly point to one which is not habitually and fearlessly called in question. Honor to parents, fidelity to the spouse, reverence to God—all have been denied to be duties; covetousness, theft, murder—all have been denied to be vices or crimes. Socialists in our day believe that it is right to take the money of the rich and give it to the poor—that is, to steal; Nihilists believe that it is right to put kings to death—that is, to murder; and a number of novel-writers and other writers believe, or at least say, that it is right for ill-assorted couples to separate and choose other mates—that is, to commit adultery. Is it advisable that a husband and wife should be united by a permanent bond? that the act which makes them one should be irreversible? or is change here to be always an open question? To debate this in the past was to start a daring heresy. Now it is to apply the principle of evolution. The whole question of sexual



relation has thus, for the fashion of the hour, entered the realm of experiment. When we turn those fictitious pictures of life which reflect the most important moral assumptions of a time more clearly than any transcript from experience, we find that a certain fearlessness in disregarding what used to be felt the limits of permissible frankness is now as sure to make a novel widely read, even if it be not remarkable for talent of any kind, as in former days it was sure to keep it from being widely read, even if it were remarkable for talent of some kind. Unreserve is the dividing-line of science and literature, and the sphere in which it is fatal to withhold facts has in this respect encroached on the sphere in which it is fatal not to withhold facts. I remember the great writer, who chose to be known as George Eliot, answering a question of mine about John Stuart Mill's book on the subjection of women by asking me: "Do you not think Mill's views on such subjects are deprived of much of their importance by his want of attention to physiology?" I thought at the time that she was confronting a great change on its least important side. But the words were both a sign-post as to the direction which was to be taken by fiction and also the explanation of a fashion already discerned to commemorate the defeat of literature as much as the triumph of science.

The change by which the link uniting husband and wife has become a problem to investigate rather than a bond to reverence is not the only case in which the relations of the family have been transferred from the realm of religion to that of sociology. If we turn to the relation of parent and child, the influence of the new ideas is even more conspicuous. This relation was hallowed in former days by an association with that between the human and the divine. It is now as incoherent as the relations of civilized invaders to savage tribes. The notion of obedience being a duty at any age, is one that is not only weakened, it is, in the eyes of many who most represent the views of the age, almost exchanged for its contrary. Look, again, at fiction. All stories written for the young used to be more or less moral

lessons on this duty. There were bad parents as well as good in such stories, for instance, as Miss Edgeworth's; but, bad or good, their children, her readers feel, are under some sort of obligation to obey them. In any modern representative of this class of fiction, on the other hand, the question of obedience hardly occurs. The ways of children are studied and described as the ways of birds; they are interesting, not moral. We are called upon to observe them with a "wise passiveness." The very fact that children's dialect is so much more often put in type than it used to be has a certain significance. Imperfect utterance must always have had a charm for the fond hearts of parents, but it would have been thought in former days below the dignity of even childish literature to reproduce it in print. Now we must all be familiar with the endeavor, if we glance at children's books. Children are given us, we think now, rather to observe than to train. There is, indeed, a sense of responsibility with respect to those who bring them into the world which is something new and a vast moral improvement, but the children, once here, are hardly supposed amenable to direction or control, except such as they share with all the world, and sometimes not even that.

The deliquescent influence of evolution on the moral grouping of the past is even more conspicuous in national than in family life. The nation may appear a more artificial group than the family. None of the three great races of antiquity, whose influence we sum up under the names of Greece, Rome, and Judæa, were what an Englishman means by a *nation*, and the very fact that he cannot find a suitable term to name his own is an expressive exhibition of its comparative novelty, and, to a certain extent, of its precarious tenure. The sacredness of some sort of political unity is probably the oldest sanctity of civilization, but the passage from the city of antiquity to the nation of the modern world appears, to many of those whose influence an attempt has here been made to describe, part of a process by which all such limitations as are involved in national existence are to

be got rid of altogether. And hence has sprung up a feeling of timidity in dealing with political offences which is almost universal. There is a striking passage in Froude's "History of Henry VIII." contrasting the earlier and later associations of the word *heresy*. Where our ancestors saw the poisonous weed, we (he says) recognize the first green blades that promise harvest. Almost the same thing might to-day be said of the cognate expression *treason*. Any attempt to disturb the existing conditions of society enlists so much sympathy among us that, instead of being itself a crime, as it was to our fathers, it is often regarded as a palliation of every other crime. The nation has come to be too small an object for loyalty almost before it has ceased to be too large a one.

The world of duty, under this new view of things, has lost its landmarks. We may say that it has lost its organization. It assumes the group; it started from the relations of father and son, husband and wife; it expands to take in civil relation; and deals with man as member of a family, as member of a nation. Not that the survivor of his race or the exile from his country is unclaimed by duty, but the duties of man to man will be all different if we refuse to recognize the duties of a son to a father, of a husband to a wife. Now this to some extent is what has actually happened. The family in the view of the past was an organism. The moral relations of its different members were almost as definite as the physical relations of the different members of the body. Now there is no conception of anything organic in the life of the family. It is as if we gave up the idea that the heart had anything to do with circulation or the lungs with respiration, and began to inquire whether any one organ might not do the work of any other.

The change which has come over the world, vast as it is, seemed greater a generation ago than it does now. It has here been described as it affected the generation which read, with mature attention, "The Origin of Species by Natural Selection," and were led to regard the processes of evolution as adequately described by those words. The trans-

formation takes a rather different aspect for those who look upon it first at a later stage. On the whole, the perplexities of evolution were, for the adherents of a view older than either, the perplexities of Darwinism, and although the converse be not equally true, we need not here take that into account. But as we look backwards we see that what really happened when the *world making* was substituted for the *world made* was less a change of beliefs, though it was largely that, than a vast and legitimate transfer of human attention. I have recalled a remark of George Eliot's bearing on the new importance of physiology in its relation to morals. I should like to add a similar reminiscence which few readers, I imagine, will consider too trivial to repeat here. She told me once that, before beginning a new story, she made a study of many circumstances which few would think of connecting with the acts and characters of her fictitious creations, and she laughed as if she were quizzing herself as she added, "even the physical geography of the country where the scene is laid." She might at that moment have been one of her own critics lamenting the over scientific and almost pedantic coloring of her later work. The minute attention to outward scenery which these words imply does not of itself bear on the right or wrong of any action, but this sense of a physical background, always present to imagination, gives moral reflection a new keynote. The influence of the environment has in our time taken a wholly new importance and scope; the philanthropist, the legislator and the judge have all been obliged to study anew the scenery of life, and the importance of that which is in no sense scenery has been, in proportion, inevitably diminished. Men have been transported to a world where everything tends to shut out the meaning of the word *ought*. An interesting account of that journey of Buckle's in the East which ended his life, given by his companion, mentions his exclaiming, after meeting with some instance of ignorance and indifference to knowledge, "I think I hate that state of mind worse than crime." Perhaps he spoke more truly than he knew.

There is an inherent antagonism—prophetic, like many other antagonisms, of a close union—between a disinterested search for truth, and that spirit which groups mankind in the family and the nation. They are separated by an inverted attitude to that principle which we know as faith. The moral world is the world of faith. The scientific world is the world of verification. If a husband begin to make experiments on the fidelity of a wife, their union is at an end. If a chemist refuse to make experiments on the truth of a theory, his science is at an end. Where one kind of activity begins the other must end. We cannot regard at any moment with equal attention what ought to be and what is; it is impossible, while we are seeking to catalogue the contents of existence, to observe any other connection than that of cause and effect. Hence the scientific antagonism of true and false withdraws attention from the moral antagonism which it so closely resembles, of right and wrong, and substitutes another focus which spoils the eye for the first.

But the influence of evolution, we are beginning to see, has been to light up the meaning of faith no less than to expand the scope of knowledge. While the whole world lived, speaking broadly, under the influence of religion there was no need to inquire how much human duty rested on the principle of faith, because the very root of human duty was fixed there. Under a scientific régime many have awakened to the discovery that faith is no merely theological virtue, but the basis of all true human relation. Who does not feel Imogen's ready admission of Iachimo's plea for pardon—that his attempted seduction was an experiment authorized by her husband—a blot on the delineation of her wifely devotion? The true wife, we feel, would disbelieve the plea, or receive it with anguish, in which love must perish. Yet what does one human being mean when he, or she, says to another, "You ought to have trusted me"? Surely not, "You ought to have thought me infallible." There is no one capable of any real love, anything more than a mere fondness for his own belongings, who is not sometimes forced to realize

that trust is a duty, because, as exercised towards finite beings, it is a *creative* act. Any approach to that state of mind on scientific ground (and it is a state of mind not so impossible as it seems) is the only deadly crime that science knows. To say "I will not doubt" is, on the one ground, the beginning of life; on the other, the beginning of death. It is impossible that the one state of mind should be suddenly stimulated without a pause in the activity of the other. The correlation of forces is one of those vast truths which hold good in the spiritual as well as in the physical universe. The sudden quickening of thought is the partial deadening of feeling. We see it on the ground of history; such eras as the Renaissance show its meaning on a large scale; we feel it also as a simple truth of individual experience. How many have plunged into some intellectual work to deaden mental anguish, or, again, have felt it the bitterest result of mental anguish that it rendered intellectual work impossible. Men who give their lives to intellectual work are about as much removed from animal temptations as from spiritual aspirations. To lead thought is to be occupied with interests which shut out both. But the leaders of thought are also arbiters of legitimate desire, and when the old restraints are removed it is not interest in science which will everywhere replace reverence for a conventional standard. The pleasure of experiment may mingle with other pleasures, but will not among the many suffice to bridle and supplant them. Buckle's remark was the expression of a person probably himself incapable of crime. But it was the utterance of a feeling that might very well increase crime. And some discernment of this important truth, I doubt not, animated the opposition which met and embittered the triumph of evolution.

The remark that some moral disturbance is the price paid for every sudden intellectual advance may seem rather a truism than a paradox, although it be often neglected. But more has been urged here than that the ideas of evolution have been perturbing to the morality of our time; certain moral changes—

disastrous changes, if the traditional view of Christendom be any test of moral disaster—have been traced to certain intellectual ideas—true ideas, if the adherence of all leaders of thought in Christendom be any test of truth. It is not only a deserted standard, but to some extent an inverted standard, which an attempt has been made to connect with new truth. The endeavor seems, at first sight, to confuse all that we have believed most firmly, both as to the influence of truth and the ground of morals.

The sudden publication of new truth is like the shock of some vast earthquake which should substitute for a tranquil lake the rush of rapid streams in opposite directions. It reveals to men doubts and convictions which it could never create—doubts and convictions which have slumbered in their own hearts, and which the shock awakens to vivid life, but on the existence of which it has no bearing whatever. Is man the one source of volition and purpose in our world, or is he the creature and offspring of volition and purpose? Is his life here the sum of its duration, or its seed-time for a harvest reaped elsewhere? These are questions which have never been unasked, but which half a century ago were asked only in whispers. Our time has heard them both asked and answered fearlessly; the problems they open have been expressed in homely or fashionable language, and discussed, or at least decided, by the ignorant and the thoughtless. The libraries which are filled with the records and speculations of evolutionists contain absolutely no data for answering them. Nothing that is true of the mode of creation can either prove or disprove the existence of a Creator. But half a century ago the proof seemed given in the mere fact of national adherence and supported by the corroboration derived from all the framework of society. Those who mistook the mere acquiescence in this national assent for faith in God have exchanged that acquiescence, according to their temperament, for vigorous denial, careless neglect, or consistent and careful ignoring; while by some a faith in the nation has been exchanged for the faith of the

nation. Which result has been more common in our day it would be an audacious thing to attempt to decide, and perhaps the decision, if it were possible, would not be very important. The battle will not be decided by the numbers of those who at the first shock ranged themselves under the opposed battalions, nor, indeed, by numbers at any time. At first this test was peculiarly misleading. What was swept away was vast, and intricately woven in with the web of moral convictions; what was substituted seemed inadequate to fill the chasm, and at the same time had much that tended to widen it. For it cannot be denied that the doctrine of Natural Selection is bewildering to the seeker for a moral order. The method of creation, thus explained, is unlike any humane dealings with sentient beings, or, indeed, with any economic principles of dealing even with non-sentient nature. But it is somewhat surprising and very instructive to note the vast moral influence of a doctrine which merely opened men's eyes to the world as they had always known it to be. The doctrine of Creation, in this respect, all in it that was trying to faith, did no more than mirror the facts of creation as we see it around us now, and force upon the unthinking a conviction, long familiar to any one who attended to inexorable fact, that the government of Infinite Wisdom cannot be explained or imitated by finite wisdom; that there are dealings with the human that become devilish the moment they cease to be divine. If a man cannot accept this conviction, then for him Atheism is the only rational creed. But these are the alternatives of experience, obvious and unquestionable. With the difficulties of evolution they have nothing to do.

The difficulty in the way of any Christian acceptance of the idea of evolution—the fact that two millenniums after the Divine took human shape, we live in such a world as we see around us—this difficulty was just as forcible when we thought the creation began on a Sunday, about the time that we now assign to the building of the Pyramids, as it is now. There was just the same recoil from views which emphasized unques-

tionable fact then as now; it was, indeed, brought forward far more aggressively against Malthus than it ever was against Darwin, that the doctrine which from a different point of view we have known as that of Natural Selection ignored a Creator. That doctrine merely turns up the gas, as it were, on facts which a man must be a lunatic to deny. If Christianity involves that spirit of slumbrous optimism which insists on keeping dark corners in our view of the world, then assuredly it must perish before the growing light. But already the nightmare dream is past. As in the fine image of Berkeley, the fountain curve of scepticism begins to revert towards its source. It has been already a part of the influence of science—illustrating the truth that the knowledge of contraries is one—to light up the meaning, though it can never affect the grounds, of that which we know as faith.

For it is a poor and timid claim for the beliefs that lie at the basis of all others that they may be *harmonized* with those which seem to contradict them. They must, if they be the reflex of eternal realities, stand to all other beliefs as the gnarled oak roots to the acorn. Whatever be the truth of evolution, it must be a truth concerning that which is deepest in man. And that doctrine, in its most negative aspect, has brought home to every thinker the truth that Christianity, if it be the teaching of a divine being, must have a future. It is strange that it should be necessary for us to take up this idea from a new quarter. But erroneous notions as to this further development and their inevitable renunciation by any one who looks back through the vista of history have caused this anticipatory attitude of faith to be forgotten, and men have been satisfied to look to a distant heaven for all that the words of Christ would lead us to anticipate on this earth. When the stir and rush of new ideas have passed into acquiescence, and the débris of shattered prejudice has been cleared away, it will be seen that if the name Christianity appears unsuitable to the phase of faith embodying this new discernment it will be only because we have associated that name with limi-

tations which oppose themselves to the idea of growth, and force us to take up an attitude towards the past incompatible with that atmosphere of promise which the ideas of evolution spread everywhere around us. But in truth it is only that later form of Christianity which we know as Protestantism to which these ideas are strange. The elder church embodies an idea of development which it has neither exhibited nor enforced, but in which, latent and confused as it is, perhaps lies no small portion of its mystic charm and its enduring dominion.

At all events, the attitude which averts attention from any new revelation or expansion of spiritual truth finds no warrant in the words of Christ; some of those words contain a warning and protest against such an attitude. Evolution speaks of a progress from the plant to the animal, from the animal towards the human. Christianity speaks of a progress from the human towards the divine. It has often been interpreted as if the approximation between the human and divine were an exceptional event, a vast miracle interpolated in the sequence of history, to which we could only look back with awe and faith, or of which, if we anticipated any recurrence, we must again teach ourselves to believe in something out of harmony with the natural events of every day. If we could read the New Testament without prejudice we should at least there find nothing of this spirit of limitation. We should indeed recognize that the divine, in its perfect incorporation with humanity, produces results of which its imperfect incorporation in humanity affords neither reminiscence nor prophecy, but a refusal to convert this discernment into a dogma of separation between the divine and human would find clear warrant on the ground of science. Look at a steam-engine rushing by with a weight behind it that an elephant could not cause to stir. Every time the sun shines on water we see a far-off approach to the production of that power by which the weight is moved. But as long as the thing which is heated remains *water* we find no hint of its latent powers. It may be what our sensations would con-



fuse with boiling water and still fail to reveal the mighty agent which has transformed our civilization. There is a point at which water is saturated with heat; we give it then another name, and it has other properties and other powers. Whether we may say that it is another thing then is a matter of dialect. What is certain is, that wherever we see water there we see possible steam.

Need we draw out the parallel? Are we not conscious, each one of us to whom the word has a meaning, that he has that within him which is divine? Perhaps, in proportion as frail human beings feel this, they are conscious of the limitations and impotence which startle them by their association with what is best in themselves. A noble soul is consumed with pity for our toiling masses. A great impulse of passionate pity goes out towards them, and the result, so far as human eye can see, is either nugatory or disastrous. He would give his life to heal their ills, and after an attempt to mitigate the lot of a single sufferer, he may decide that it would have been better to do nothing. He reads of One whose compassion healed the sick and opened the eyes of the blind. Is it more bewildering to feel omnipotent compassion at once the same and different from impotent compassion, than to contemplate the same difficulty with regard to steam and water?

To one who objects to the association of the ideas of Christianity and evolution, because two millenniums from the birth of Christ have left the world what we see, it might be enough to ask if the difficulty could not be simply retorted on those who believe only in the last. That a thousand years are to the Creator as one day is what the evolutionist must believe as firmly as the Christian. But we might also ask whether the relative strength both of compassion and of justice in the best men of antiquity and of our own day does not justify the impression that man is nearer the divine now than he was then. We cannot thus justify any statement whatever about Christianity, because the debate would always remain on which side was cause and on which effect. What you call Christianity, our opponent might urge,

including the history of its founder, is a mere natural result of a widening humanity. But at least the idea that the development of humanity is towards something higher than itself more harmonizes with the ideas of evolution, than does the assumption that man, being once man, there is nothing beyond. What name we should choose to describe those among our descendants who, rising to their true heritage as sons of God, will recognize all the more that they are sons of man we cannot tell, or whether new desires and new faculties will constitute what we have been accustomed to call a new species. We know that Christ has declared that their miracles will exceed His own. We know, on the other hand, that that invasion of some higher influence, which we may trace within the world of nature, and which thus permeates nature itself with what may be called the principle of the supernatural, is a sudden influence in its manifestation, however gradual in its approach. Cold water is as much and as little expansive as hot water; and to one who dwelt on a tropic island cut off from artificial heat, the conversion of water either to a gas or a solid would be all that we mean by a miracle. Here Nature betrays no tendency till she records an achievement. Does not the life which triumphed over death exhibit that truth as dominant in a higher world? With confidence thus fortified by the teaching of science, as well as by a message speaking to a part of our being which science cannot reach, we venture to look not only for a new heaven, but also for a new earth, wherein dwelleth *righteousness*.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

---

#### IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD.<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE by Harriet Lieber Cohen.

#### PART IV.

Hinze's night's rest was disturbed, an unusual occurrence, for as a rule he slept as soundly as a child; but he

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Living Age Company.



tossed and turned his pillow and tossed again, and then fell to arguing with himself, and whispered to the spirit of benevolence that was struggling with his conscience that much as it hurt him to harden his heart against his friend he could not be a traitor to his convictions. And then he sighed and finally fell into an unquiet sleep and dreamed that he was out in mid-sea in a frail boat wrestling with Gollath and that frightful sea-dragons were rearing their heads to devour him.

When he opened his little eyes next morning he found his landlord, the tailor, standing over him, holding out a letter which a peasant had just brought to the door. The man was waiting for an answer.

He immediately jumped to the conclusion that the troglodyte to whom he had so unflinchingly told the truth, had felt himself insulted and was now demanding satisfaction; and although he had been exercising his courage all night long in imaginary encounters, his hand trembled slightly as he tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter. The surprise that awaited him was an agreeable one, for the coarse note-paper contained these lines, written in a distinct hand:—

"Dear Mr. Hinze:—

"I have determined upon taking the room of which you spoke. Will you please make all necessary arrangements for me with your landlord? I should like to move in to-night. If the house door is left open no one need be disturbed. I will pay quarterly in advance. *Auf wiedersehen.*

"Respectfully,

"Christopher Magnus."

It proved rather a difficult matter to present the case to the tailor. When, however, he had finally grasped the substance of it there were many "hems" and "haws,"—he was not a very strong man himself, and there was always more or less danger renting rooms to men of that class—and— And then Mr. Hinze bethought himself of the tailoress, a great admirer of the

little man's gentle manners and kind heart, and she smoothed matters over so pleasantly that the peasant was dispatched with the message that whenever Mr. Magnus should choose to come his room would be ready.

Fortunately the night was dark and stormy and no sensation was created when, between eleven and twelve, the peasant, leading his horse by the bridle, and big Christopher, walking behind the cart, moved in solemn procession down the narrow street and halted before the tailor's door. The cart was lightly laden with the straw bed, the table, the bench and a box of books. The tailor and his wife leaned out of their window, curious and anxious; but, at sight of their new lodger's dimensions, regret and alarm seized them, and prudence dictated a speedy retreat. The wife threw down the door-key to the formidable stranger, and the pair sat cowering near the door, listening to their heart-beats and to the steps of the two men as they carried their load up the stairs. Then courage crept back into the woman's heart as she noted how quietly the moving was being accomplished, and how Magnus and the peasant had taken off their shoes for fear of disturbing the household. Besides, had not Mr. Hinze recommended the big man, she whispered to her frightened lord, and was not that a good reference in itself even though he might not be as refined and gentle in his way as the dwarf? They might of course, experience some trouble from renting their rooms to two such outlandish men, but they must look upon it as a visitation of the dear Lord and if this new lodger paid his rent promptly and did not beat them down for everything, she, for her part, would rather have a giant in the house than a painter like their last tenant, who left owing twelve months' rent.

The brave little woman had no cause to regret her confidence, for a more punctual and unassuming lodger never gladdened a landlord's heart. The stove in his room was, fortunately, adapted to cooking as well as heating purposes, and on this Magnus prepared

his simple breakfasts, politely declining his landlady's offer of morning meals from her kitchen. Of her services in other matters he was glad to avail himself, and was so grateful for the least kindness shown him that the good woman quite forgot her former dread in her admiration of his amiability. It was her unqualified opinion that the most lovable men she had ever met were this giant and dwarf and that medium-sized people might well take a lesson out of their books. This impression she confided only to her husband, for the big man's presence was studiously concealed from the other lodgers, for their peace of mind as well as for Magnus's own. Finally the tailor himself, taking advantage of the necessity of returning a receipt, crossed the awful threshold and was greatly impressed by the long row of books on an improvised mantel-shelf, flanked on either side by plaster casts in varying stages of disintegration—these last left by the previous occupant of the studio. A large tub, a water pitcher quite phenomenal in size, and some horse sponges on a nail overhead gave evidence of the tenant's cleanly habits. What he did with himself all day was a problem that baffled the utmost vigilance at keyholes.

If there were a mystery attending him the dwarf guarded it closely, for he discouraged all conversation on the subject and did not appear to regard his friend as differing in any way from the every-day humanity about him. He was a frequent visitor in the great room below and observed, with a sense of lively satisfaction, the gradual disappearance of the deep marks between the bushy eyebrows, the pleasant light that would flash at times from the eyes, the smile that lurked at the corners of the mouth. All these advance signals of happiness he noted and preserved a discreet silence, asking never a question as to present duty or future occupation. And so when the giant had had his sleep out—for he continued his old habit of sleeping till the sun was high in the sky—and enjoyed his morning bath, Hinze would drop work

and join him and the two would fall into a discussion of the puzzling problems that have disturbed wiser heads than theirs for generations back and will continue to disturb them for generations to come.

But this arrangement was not altogether to their liking, and Magnus had the happy idea of contriving, with their landlord's consent, an entrance into Hinze's room through the ceiling, and thus making possible a pleasant companionship during working hours as well. The plan conceived, it was at once carried into execution. Magnus spent two nights and a day at the deserted barrack, where his joiner's bench and carpenter's tools had been left, and returned on the third night with a neatly made trap-door and a ladder that would bear his weight. And then, when he had sawed a square hole through the ceiling by the window, fitted the trap-door, screwed on the hinges, stationed the ladder at the proper angle, and stepped up this primitive staircase, and when his head and shoulders appeared in the woodcutter's room, there was a light on his face which had never been there before, and which was good to see. Then Hinze must try the steep stairway, which he found perfection. Fancy the convenience! Being able to see one another at any hour of the day or night without having to make the *détour* through the house! But the giant profited most by the contrivance, for he could sit on the floor of the attic chamber, his long legs disposed of down the ladder, and feel that his head and shoulders had room enough and to spare. And so he would sit for hours, watching the little artist chiselling and graving, listening to the canary's singing, and showing his satisfaction with the entire performance by stertorous sounds plainly indicating delight.

His insatiable thirst for reading seemed suddenly appeased. For weeks the books packed so closely on the shelf were not touched and ostensibly served no other purpose than that of decoration for the bare, unpapered wall; and on his table lay but a single volume, a

small Latin grammar from which he construed a paragraph daily. "For," said he in explanation, "in these dissertations on God and the universe so many strange words are brought into use that one cannot get at the root of the matter without a bit of Latin."

His friend shrugged his shoulders. "Why are you burrowing into all that stuff? I never read. Experience has taught me that reading simply destroys my happiness and peace of mind. Books are written by average sized men and women for average sized men and women, not for people of our size. Since our world is not the world of those about us, what can their wisdom profit us? My mother taught me to read from fairy tales; they were within my comprehension. I could understand all about "Snow-white over the mountain's brow" and felt that she could understand me. Then when I grew older I picked up one day my mother's favorite book, a book over which she had often shed tears; it was by Goethe and called "The Sorrows of Werther." I could not sleep for that book, for weeks. Such love, such intensity of passion as is there portrayed, an ecstasy that overpowers, an intoxication that maddens. It seemed as though I had drunk of an elixir and my veins were running fire. Lotte with the heavenly face, the fair pure brow, was ever before my eyes, and my heart beat fast at the picture of a Lotte coming into my life, a woman whom I dared not love, for whom I dared not even shoot myself, for in either case I should simply make myself ridiculous. No, no; such stories were not for me. It was the last I ever read. Later, I took to reading histories, but they are not for such as I. Those who fight, and build states and advance art and science are men from five to six feet. What has a little shrimp like me to do with all these things? This much I learned that average sized humanity has always found life a struggle and a disappointment, and that the few wise men who have won in the fight come only at long intervals. So you see, I have avoided this sort of literature as

well, and no credit to me, since I do not know the meaning of ennui. Tell me, does it really amuse you to read about these feats of diplomacy, these vast commercial enterprises, these self-deceptions and fallacies with which, thank God, neither you nor I have anything in common?"

"No," answered Magnus, with a grave frown, "I feel exactly as you do. I am really as indifferent to this world-history, as a stag-beetle would be toward the history of plant-lice, past, present and to come. Nevertheless, it does concern me to know what conclusions have been reached by philosophers as to the ultimate causes of the world and the destiny of the race. For, after all, we are part and parcel of it and even if we may not see into the reason of the whole cursed plan, we cannot remain absolutely indifferent to it. Or have you soared above all curiosity?"

"Not as high as I should like," returned the little man. "I cannot deny that I have often fallen into the weakness of puzzling my poor head over ideas of the last judgment, and paradise and Abraham's bosom. A weakness I term it, for I know full well that no final conclusion can be reached by the wisest of the wise, let his brain be as large as yours or as small as my little billiard-ball. But I must tell you that I have never been unhappy because I could not peep behind the curtain. I have a pleasant feeling that I am here and can enjoy all the agreeable things despite the intrusion of the disagreeable; further, that I can be an honest fellow, and that no one can prevent that whether there be or be not a God and a devil as the Book says. You see, this miniature design in which I am cast serves a happy purpose; it makes the great puzzle of life so much the greater by comparison that I feel myself floating in immensity and do not try to grapple with it. And you, with that tower-like figure of yours, tell me truly, have you been able to peer over the hedge that shuts us off from ultimate knowledge?"

"Perhaps a trifle more than you

would think," answered Magnus, coloring slightly. "Not through my own wit truly. But there is a learned man by the name of Feuerbach, I have read everything that he has written because the first book of his, which I picked up quite by chance threw a wonderful light on the phenomena of nature. If you listen to him you will see very clearly that God, nature, man are not parts but form one tremendous whole. I would very much like you to read his books."

"Thanks," said Hinze dryly. "We should eat only that for which we have an appetite. But if you wish you may give me in outline the sapient conclusions which your friend has reached. I am interested in them because of my interest in you, for I should like to get at your theories. So begin, in God's name. I have only a touch to add to this vignette."

Magnus rubbed his forehead, seated himself more comfortably in the trap-doorway and prepared to pour out his wisdom. He had made but little progress, however, before he found himself floundering, and then for the first time he realized that to be impressed with another's thoughts and to express those thoughts one's self are two different things. The objections which Hinze, with his shrewd mother-wit, was continually and unconsciously as it were throwing in his way, produced a lamentable break-down on the part of Feuerbach's exponent, and reduced him to the admission that the principle was not so clear as he had thought it, or rather that his own clumsy demonstration was at fault.

The next day, and for several days after he set himself zealously to work over his books, his object nothing less than the completion of a summary—full and exhaustive—of his master's philosophy; this to be read, point by point, to the little sceptic. The sceptic, when he felt the need of rest, would leave his work-table, sit on the top rung of the ladder and, whistling his favorite airs, look down at his painstaking friend with the air of one who has won the day and feels sorry for his adversary.

Once a merry laugh interrupted the whistling.

"What are you laughing at?" scowled Magnus.

"It just struck me that you are situated now very much as I was before we joined forces, for you, too, have your canary twittering and chirping for you while you are at work, only yours wears a Turkish dressing-gown instead of yellow feathers and answers to the name of Theodore Hinze. Haven't you nearly finished your atheistic catechism?"

The other shook his head. The work went forward slowly; pages of manuscript were thrown into a corner with an oath, and then the subject attacked from a different standpoint. More than once Hinze was on the point of persuading his friend away from his fruitless task, but he feared the consequences of telling him that the labor he had undertaken was too much for him. Besides, this occupation, unwholesome though it was, was far better than inactivity. But, when the loving eyes discerned that the friend was neither eating nor sleeping so well, that the cheeks were drawn and colorless and the nerves showing a strain, the owner of those watchful eyes took matters once again into his resolute little hands and succeeded in bringing about an indefinite postponement of the undertaking, and an immediate return to the old ways. So once again the nocturnal rambles were begun—they had been discontinued for some weeks owing to the severity of the weather—and the dwarf's heart beat high with pleasure as, perched on his friend's shoulder, he looked abroad on the snow-covered landscape lighted by the host of stars, was conscious of a huge but tender hand clasping his knees and felt the icicles of the frosty beard as it waved to and fro in the wintry breeze. Such nights drew forth confidences that would have been afraid of the daylight; and yet—the physical distance being so great between them—they were still Mr. Magnus and Mr. Hinze to each other.

But winter made way for spring at

last, and there was no longer need to seek fresh air without, for windows could be opened all day long and the soft sunshine filled attic and studio. Besides, the spring weather was alluring to people of ordinary stature, and the streets at night were too populous to encourage rambles on the part of the two friends, their novel mode of equalizing the distance between them attracting curious observation. So, solitary exercise was once more resorted to, all the more solitary by comparison with the pleasant walks of the winter, and when a rainy night kindly offered its protection, right gladly was it welcomed, the dwarf holding his little umbrella as carefully over his steed's head as his own, and as the complex body moved on its way it resembled nothing so much as a perambulating pine with dripping branches swaying in the night breeze.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

From The London Quarterly Review,  
MISS KINGSLEY IN WEST AFRICA.<sup>1</sup>

Miss Kingsley has stepped at once into the front rank of lady travellers. There is no volume in our vast library of travel and exploration quite like hers. This English lady travelled among cannibal tribes, and was more than once actually stalked by the natives as a novel head of game; she rose at the dead of night to fling water pots and three-legged stools at a leopard, she forded horrible swamps, and came to close quarters with elephants, hippos, crocodiles and gorillas, and she tells her story with a boisterous mirth and gaiety of heart, which shows how much she has enjoyed her adventures, and how eager she is for more. But this bulky volume is not merely packed with adventure and with grotesque incident; it is one of our most instructive books of travel. Its studies of fetish and witchcraft will, to most readers, be a revelation as to what life actually is in a West

African village, whilst its discussions of trade problems, of missionary methods, of polygamy, and of the liquor traffic, will arouse animated discussion and controversy. Miss Kingsley's somewhat authoritative pronouncements will not be accepted by Christian students, for she declares that "both polygamy and slavery are essential to the well-being of Africa;" but no one can fail to recognize the sincere desire for the well-being of the natives which marks her discussion of these burning questions.

It was in 1893 that Miss Kingsley found herself free to spend five or six months in exploration. After due deliberation, she resolved to devote her holiday to West Africa. Her search for information was far from encouraging. The majority of her friends knew nothing about the region she proposed to visit, but a percentage said, "Oh, you can't possibly go there; that's where Sierra Leone is, the white man's grave, you know." The doctors told her cheerfully, "Deadliest spot on earth." She gained her first idea of the social condition of the country from the missionary reports and journals. This prepared her for the pronouncement of an old friend who had lived seven years on the Coast:—

When you have made up your mind [he said] to go to West Africa, the very best thing you can do is to get it unmade again and go to Scotland instead; but if your intelligence is not strong enough to do so, abstain from exposing yourself to the direct rays of the sun, take four grains of quinine every day for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introductions to the Wesleyans; they are the only people on the Coast who have got a hearse with feathers.

A feeling of foreboding settled on Miss Kingsley as she left London for Liverpool, which was deepened by the steamboat agents, who frankly informed her that they did not issue return tickets by the West African lines of steamers.

The process of her education is interesting and instructive. One by one ideas derived from books and other sources had to be revised or entirely given up. The greatest recantation

<sup>1</sup> Travels in West Africa. Congo Français, Corisco and Cameroons. By Mary H. Kingsley. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.



Miss Kingsley had to make was in her estimate of the traders. She found herself entirely dependent on their good offices, and quickly discovered that she could entirely trust them. Thanks to the "Agent," she visited places she could never otherwise have seen, and the respect and affection in which he is held by the native secured her safety in many perils. She owes much to his gracious hospitality.

He has bestowed himself—Allah only knows where—on his small trading vessels, so that I might have his one cabin. He has fished me out of sea and fresh water with boat-hooks; he has continually given me good advice, which, if I had only followed, would have enabled me to keep out of water and any other sort of affliction; and although he holds the meanest opinion of my intellect for going to such a place as West Africa for beetles, fishes and fetish, he has given me the greatest assistance in my work.

The charm of the Coast laid hold on Miss Kingsley as soon as she left Sierra Leone on her first voyage, and she saw that there was "any amount of work worth doing down there." The first visit was so promising that, on December 23d, 1894, she left Liverpool on a second voyage. She had been asked to travel with Lady MacDonald, who was going out to join her husband, then governor of Old Calabar, and, despite the fact that they were cast in an entirely different mould, the two ladies soon became attached friends. South of Gibraltar the interest of the voyage began. The Peak of Teneriffe displayed itself as usual as an entirely celestial phenomenon. Many people do not see the mountain, because they look straight before them, instead of raising their eyes to the glittering white triangle somewhere near the zenith. On certain days the Peak stands out clear from ocean to summit, looking every inch and more of its twelve thousand and eighty feet, but "whenever and however it may be seen, soft and dream-like in the sunshine, or melodramatic and bizarre in the moonlight, it is one of the most beautiful things the eye of man may see." It is hard to judge whether it is superior, however, to Grand Canary, as seen from the sea.

When Miss Kingsley sailed past, the superb cone of Teneriffe stood out a deep purple against a serpent-green sky, separated from the brilliant blue ocean by a girdle of pink and gold cumulus, whilst Grand Canary and Lanzarote looked as though formed out of fantastic-shaped sunset cloud-banks turned into a solid mass by some enchanter's spell.

Sierra Leone looks best from the sea. Its capital, Free Town, "the Liverpool of West Africa," seems in the distance to be built of graystone, but most of its stores and houses are of painted wood, with corrugated iron roofs. Here and there is a thatched roof covered with creeping plants and inhabited by colonies of insects. Some of the stores and churches are built of the local red stone. "In the crannies of these buildings trailing plants covered with pretty mauve or yellow flowers take root, and everywhere, along the tops of the walls, and in the cracks of the houses, are ferns and flowering plants." The town has one central street, from which others run off at right angles. These are covered with green Bahama grass, save where they are so nearly perpendicular, that the heavy rains have swept them bare down to the red bed-rock. The fronts of the shops are taken away, and the walls are lined with shelves, on which rest bundles of gay-colored Manchester cottons and shawls, Swiss clocks, brass, copper and iron cooking pots. Inside the store you will see the proprietor, with his family and a few friends, all exceedingly plump and happy, having a social "shout" together. Natives walk along the springy turf of the streets at a brisk pace, carrying huge burdens on their heads. They take no notice where they are going, and sometimes charge recklessly into a section of bearers who have set down their loads right in the middle of the street "to have a friendly yell with some acquaintances." Then the uproar becomes simply terrific. Among the crowd of country people in Free Town walk stately Mohammedans from the western Soudan, wearing a long white loose-sleeved skirt, covered by a black or deep blue mohair or silk gown. These are the gentlemen of the native population, and add not a little to the



difficulty of missionary work. The noise, the smell, and the heat of Free Town greatly try a visitor, but he almost forgets these things as he studies the costume of the people.

The ordinary man in the street wears anything he may have been able to acquire, anyhow, and he does not fasten it on securely. I fancy it must be capillary attraction, or some other partially-understood force, that takes part in the matter. It is certainly neither braces nor buttons. There are of course some articles which from their very structure are fairly secure, such as an umbrella with the stick and ribs removed, or a shirt. This last-mentioned treasure, which usually becomes the property of the ordinary man from a female relative or admirer taking in white men's washing, is always worn flowing free, and has such a charm in itself that the happy possessor cares little what he continues his costume with—trousers, loin cloth, red flannel petticoat, or rice-bug drawers, being, as he would put it, "all same for one" to him.

One day when Miss Kingsley was in the outskirts of the town she saw a party of country people coming in to market. It was the wet season, and they had nothing on worth mentioning. Each carried a bundle done up in American cloth, with a closed umbrella tucked into it. When they got near the town they pulled up and solemnly dressed, holding umbrellas over each other during the operation. "Then, dignified and decorated, and each sporting his gingham, they marched into the town." The women's costumes are nearly as quaintly various as those of the men, but neater and cleaner. They themselves are picturesque figures, and occasionally very pretty.

A market-woman with her jolly brown face and laughing brown eyes—eyes all the softer for a touch of antimony—her ample form clothed in a lively print overall, made with a yoke at the shoulders, and a full long flounce which is gathered on to the yoke under the arms and falls fully to the feet; with her head done up in a yellow or red handkerchief, and her snowy white teeth gleaming through her vast smiles, is a mighty pleasant thing to see, and to talk to. But, Allah! the circumference of them!

Miss Kingsley's days at Cape Coast Castle were among the hottest but the most pleasant she spent on the Gold Coast. She pays special tribute to the kindness of the Rev. Dennis Kemp and his wife, of the Wesleyan Mission. The large Wesleyan church in the centre of the town far surpasses the cathedral at Sierra Leone, and the native members are taught to give, whilst "almost all the other native Christian bodies are content to be in a state of pauperized dependency on British subscriptions." Seen from the sea, the Gold Coast is a pleasant looking land. Its long lines of yellow sandy beach are backed by an almost continuous line of blue hills, which in some places come close to the beach. It is hard to think as you pass by that this region is so unhealthy as it really is, for the land stands high, and those great masses of mangrove swamp that you usually associate with a bad fever district are absent.

The voyage terminated at Calabar. Miss Kingsley was able to make a little visit to Fernando Po with Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald. This island is the most important on the coast of West Africa, and one of the most beautiful in the world. A great volcanic mass, with many craters, culminates in the magnificent cone, Clarence Peak. The island is heavily forested, almost to its peak. It is very rich in oil palms and tree ferns, and in the undergrowth there is an immense variety of ferns and mosses. Sugarcane grows wild, which is an uncommon thing in West Africa. The natives, the Bubi, care nothing for trade. They covet a little rum and a few beads, but they bend their attention ordinarily to catching porcupines or the beautiful little gazelles, grey on the back and white underneath, with which the island abounds. When the Bubi wants to buy rum or beads he extracts palm oil from the rich supply of nuts. The language depends so much on gesture that they cannot talk in it to each other after dark. The people are ostentatiously unclothed. The Spanish authorities insist that when they come into town they should have something on, but when they turn homeward they strip off their bit of cotton cloth outside the town and put it into their baskets.

Yet, despite his contempt for clothes, the Bubi is a dandy in his own way. His idea of decoration is to spread a plaster of *tola pomatum* over his body and cover his head with a palm-leaf hat adorned with birds' feathers. One chief fastened on his gorgeous headgear with a row of wooden bonnet pins. Pieces of wood stuck through the ear serve as earrings, whilst bits of the backbones of pythons, teeth, feathers, and antelope horns are hung as charms round the neck; round the upper arm they wear bracelets made of ivory or beads.

After her return from Fernando Po, Miss Kingsley spent four or five months collecting fish and insects in the Calabar River, and the woods around it. She formed a friendship with Miss Slessor, of Okyon, who had been living eighteen years at Calabar, and was able to give her invaluable help in the matter of fetish and native customs. This lady has won profound esteem from the natives, and has done a great work among them. In May Miss Kingsley started for Congo Français, intending to collect fishes in the Ogowé River, as the yield in the Calabar proved disappointing. She had plenty of time to study the habits of West Coast rivers. All the really great rivers, save the Congo, come out to sea with as much mystery as possible, lounging lazily along through numberless channels which communicate with each other, and are bordered by green-black walls of mangroves. The river looks like a pathway of polished metal, for it is as heavily weighted as is possible with evil-smelling mud. At high water a small canoe can thread the mangrove swamp for miles, but care must be taken lest the crocodiles snap at the 'ttle bark. You can watch the land being made from the edge of the waters. A mangrove seed lights on a mud bank; others join it, and struggle on together, forming a network of roots, stopping mud and palm leaves, and thus making the way ready for other mangrove and for pines and palms.

First the screw-pines come and live among them; then the wine-palm and various creepers, and then the oil-palm; and the debris of those plants being greater, and making better soil than dead

mangroves, they work quicker, and the mangrove is doomed. Soon the salt waters are shut right out, the mangrove dies, and that bit of Africa is made. It is very interesting to get into these regions; you see along the river-bank a rich, thick, lovely wall of soft wooded plants, and behind this you find great stretches of death—miles and miles sometimes of gaunt white mangrove skeletons standing on grey stuff that is not yet earth, and is no longer slime, and through the crust of which you can sink into rotting putrefaction. Yet, long after you are dead, buried and forgotten, this will become a forest of soft-wooded plants and palms; and, finally, of hard-wooded trees. Districts of this description you will find in great sweeps of Kama country, for example, and in the rich low regions up to the base of the Sierra del Cristal and the Rumbi range.

People speak of the lifelessness of mangrove swamps, but Miss Kingsley found them far from lifeless. Crocodiles abounded, there were quantities of flies, hopping mud-fish, crabs, cat-fish. There were no birds, save the grey parrots that passed over them in the evening, hoarsely squawking. After night-fall the swamp is full of noises—grunts, splashes, and, above all, the strange whine and sighing cough of the crocodile.

After passing a succession of such swamps, Miss Kingsley reached the French Congo. On her former visit to Africa, she had met the agent-general of one of the great trading companies. He gave her permission to collect fish in the Ogowé, the largest river between the Niger and the Congo. In the forests along this waterway live some notoriously savage tribes. Chief of these are the Fans, who have made their appearance here within the memory of living men, and are in a state of migration seawards. They are a bright and active race, who form a strange contrast to the slothful and lethargic tribes on the West Coast. The French Congo has a coast line of about nine hundred miles, with an area of some two hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and a population variously estimated at from two to five millions. Miss Kingsley found a warm welcome at Gaboon, the great trading station of the French Congo, one of the

finest harbors on the coast. Here she spent a fortnight exploring the sea-shore, swamp and forest, and learning much from Dr. Nassau, the pioneer missionary and explorer of the district, who is an authority on native customs. On June 5th, 1895, she steamed round to the Ogowé in the *Mové*. Forest cliffs rich in bamboo, oil and wine palms, rose right up out of the mirror-like brown water. Many of the highest trees were covered with clusters of brown-pink young shoots, others were decorated by climbing palms gay with bunches of bright crimson berries. Climbing plants with mauve, yellow or white flowers festooned the trees, from which a heavy breath of fragrance was wafted out towards the steamer. The river winds so sharply that it seemed to close in behind the *Mové*, whilst in front it opened up fresh vistas of superb forest beauty, stretching ahead like a broad road of burnished bronze. The climbing plants grew finer as they sailed up the river, forming great vells and curtains between and above the trees. Sometimes these hanging curtains were forty feet wide and seventy feet high, decorated with large, bell-shaped, bright-colored flowers, or delicate sprays of white blossoms. All day long the *Mové* steamed past scenes of loveliness such as these.

Miss Kingsley soon found herself an honored guest at Kangwe, the station of the Mission *Évangélique*. M. Jacot was absent on an evangelizing tour, but his wife spared no pains to make her English visitor feel at home. Miss Kingsley says:—

I daily saw there what it is possible to do, even in the wildest and most remote regions of West Africa, and recognized that there is still one heroic form of human being whose praise has never adequately been sung, namely, the missionary's wife.

Despite the enervating climate, Madame Jacot taught a tribe of school children of the Fan and Igalwa tribes, brought up her own two little ones, and kept her house as clean and neat as though it had been in Paris. After a fortnight at Kangwe, Miss Kingsley found it possible to push further up the Ogowé in a river steamer. She received a warm welcome at the French Mission

(*Évangélique*), in Talagouga. Madame Forget, her new hostess, was "a perfectly lovely French girl, with a pale, transparent skin, and the most perfect great dark eyes, with indescribable charm, grace of manner, and vivacity in conversation." The station seemed almost hanging on to the rocky hillside which rises abruptly from the river. The little church was very pretty, though a European felt uneasy, because no precautions were taken to exclude snakes, lizards, or insects. The pews consisted of round poles, neatly mounted on stumps about ten inches from the ground. Yet even native elders fell sound asleep on these unpromising poles. The trees were never stirred by a breeze while Miss Kingsley was here. The only sign of motion was the river sweeping past at a terrific pace. Now and again a canoe, filled with wild and nearly naked savages, crept upwards, or came rushing down in the centre of the river, or one of the steamers slipped past. Miss Kingsley got some new specimens of fish from the Fans, and wandered through the dense forest. There were no bush paths, for no Fan villager cares to go to a neighbor village, and all the trade is carried on in canoes.

On first entering the great grim twilight region of an African forest you hardly see anything but the vast column-like grey tree-stems in their countless thousands around you, and the sparsely vegetated ground beneath. But day by day, as you get trained to your surroundings, you see more and more, and a whole world grows up gradually out of the gloom before your eyes. Snakes, beetles, bats and beasts people the region that at first seemed lifeless. It is the same with the better lit regions, where vegetation is many-formed and luxuriant. As you get used to it, what seemed at first to be an inextricable tangle ceases to be so. The separate sort of plants stand out before your eyes with ever increasing clearness, until you can pick out the one particular one you may want; and daily you find it easier to make your way through what looked at first an impenetrable wall, for you have learned that it is in the end easier to worm your way in among networks of creepers, than to shirk these and go for the softer walls of climbing grasses and curtains of *lycopodium*; and not only is it easier but

safer, for in the grass and lycopodium there are nearly certain to be snakes galore, and the chances are you may force yourself into the privacy of a gigantic python's sleeping place.

However well you may know the forest by day it is quite another world after sunset. Miss Kingsley found nothing so fascinating as a night in an African forest, but those who have not fallen under its spell feel this the most awful life in death imaginable. It is like being shut up in a library whose books you cannot read. All the while you are "tormented, terrified and bored." Round Talagouga Miss Kingsley tasted some of these sylvan delights. Several times she came across a long trail of flattened undergrowth, with a musky smell which bore witness that a boa constrictor had recently gone that way. Twice she was in danger of being stalked by native hunters, but as it is their custom to get as near as they can before firing she escaped with her life.

Miss Kingsley's heart was still set on getting further up the Ogowé. After much difficulty she secured a canoe and four Igalwa natives, who spoke trade English. When they reached Njole the authorities were very reluctant to allow an English lady to endanger her life in the rapids. But Miss Kingsley was not to be denied. The party pushed up the Ogowé. In two hours they were facing their first rapid. Grey black masses of smoothed rock rose in all directions out of the whirling water. When the sun shone it covered them with a halo of soft light blue haze. This, with the forest covered hillsides and the little beaches of glistening white sand, formed one of the most perfect of Nature's pictures. The canoe hugged the right-hand bank, keeping as much as possible out of the swiftest current. When the natives could not force the boat round a projecting point the head man shouted to Miss Kingsley, "Jump for bank, sar!" She then leaped ashore, followed by half the crew.

Such banks! sheets, and walls, and rubbish-heaps of rock, mixed up with trees, fallen and standing. One appalling corner I shall not forget, for I had to jump at a rock wall, and hang on to it in a manner more befitting an insect than an insect-

hunter, and then scramble up it into a close-set forest, heavily burdened with boulders of all sizes.

Whilst Miss Kingsley was climbing across the promontory the crew were hauling the canoe round the point by means of the strong chain fixed in the bow in readiness for such emergencies. Then all got on board and paddled away till they met their next tribulation. Night fell before they reached the Fan village for which they were steering. They had only starlight enough to see the flying foam of the rapids, not enough to detect the great trees that had fallen from the bank into the water. They fought their way round corners, though they could not jump on the banks in the darkness. About half past nine, however, they got into a savage rapid:—

We fought it inch by inch. The canoe jammed herself on some barely sunken rocks in it. We shoved her off over them. She tilted over and chucked us out. The rocks round being just awash, we survived and got her straight again, and got into her and drove her unmercifully; she struck again and bucked like a broncho, and we fell in heaps upon each other, but stayed inside that time—the men by the aid of their intelligent feet, I by clenching my hands into the bush-rope lacing which ran round the rim of the canoe, and the meaning of which I did not understand when I left Talagouga. We sorted ourselves out hastily and sent her at it again. Smash went a sorely-tried pole and a paddle. Round and round we spun in an exultant whirlpool, which, in a light-hearted maliciously joking way, hurled us tail first out of it into the current.

It was impossible to push their way further up the river, so the canoe was allowed to drift downward at a terrific pace. Two of the men stood in the bows to pole it off the rocks. Despite every effort they got many a severe shaking. At last they were tightly wedged on a large black reef. They tied the canoe firmly to the rock and scrambled on to an island where, after much searching, they found a little village. It was a collection of palm mat-built huts, very low and squalid. The villagers, painted vermilion all over their nearly naked bodies, were danc-

ing enthusiastically to a lively tune played by an old gentleman on a black and white drum. They had been making too much noise to hear the party arrive, but received them kindly. They were in sore straits, for their village had been destroyed by the Fans and they had not yet had time to rebuild. They said the rapids were now at their worst, and told some rather depressing stories about the risks travellers ran. After her meal Miss Kingsley strolled down the slippery path towards the river. The scene was intensely lovely. Thousands of fire-flies flew about, while from below arose the thunder of the foaming river.

Next morning a new set of poles was secured and a native hired to help them up the rapids. They now saw that the river had two channels; that down which they had been swept in the darkness was almost completely barred by rock. The other was more open, and the water rushed through it in a terrific, swirling mass. Had they been caught in this current they must inevitably have been drowned. Even in daylight, and with added help, it was as much as they could do to struggle up the rapids. At one point even Miss Kingsley felt as though they must be beaten, for they had to force their canoe between huge monoliths standing out of the water like a gateway. They clung to the bank and rocks with hands, poles, and paddles, passing the gateway and the great whirlpool in front of it safely. When they reached Kondo Kondo Island they saw the Alemba River tearing in thunder along its northern side. Miss Kingsley says:—

Nobler pens than mine must sing its glory and its grandeur. Its face was like nothing I have seen before. Its voice was like nothing I have heard. Those other rapids are not to be compared to it; they are wild, headstrong, and malignant enough, but the Alemba is not as they. It does not struggle and writhe, and brawl among the rocks, but comes in a majestic, springing dance, a stretch of waltzing foam—triumphant.

The run down the rapids was even more dangerous than the struggle upwards, but in due time the canoe got safely back to Talagouga. Here Miss

Kingsley took her passage on the French steamer. The most exciting incident of the return voyage was the hauling on board and cutting up of a hippopotamus which the engineer had shot a week before. It was rather high, but the crew and lower-deck passengers had a rare feast. Miss Kingsley says she has enjoyed hippo flesh far more than the stringy beef or vapid goat's flesh of the district. On her return to Kangwe she mastered the difficult art of paddling a native canoe, not without danger from the swift Ogowé current. Her struggle with her little craft caused no small amusement to the natives and the members of the mission household, but it was rewarded with complete success. Miss Kingsley says that there are only two things of which she is proud—that Dr. Günther of the British Museum has approved her fishes and that she can paddle an Ogowé canoe.

The monotony of the forest view at Kangwe was broken by a long sand-bank which appeared as the dry season advanced. Madame Jacot used to take her work on to the verandah and watch the merry brown forms of the children, dancing or lying stretched on the yellow sand, where patchwork quilts and chintz mosquito-bars were spread out to dry. The French lady felt it a real relief to watch the scene.

That bank [she said] is the only piece of clear ground I see in the year, and that only lasts a few weeks until the wet season comes, and then it goes, and there is nothing but forest, forest, forest, for another year. It is two years now since I came to this place; it may be I know not how many more before we go home again.

The future was hidden from her. Soon after Miss Kingsley's return to England she heard that M. Jacot had fallen a victim to malignant fever. He was a fine, powerful, energetic man in the prime of life, a teetotaler and a vegetarian. The natives held him in the greatest respect and affection. He had gained great influence over them, and was compiling a dictionary of the Fan language. He had other schemes in view, which would have facilitated all missionary work in the district. He was born in France, but had been brought up in America, and had re-



ceived a university education, which was of much service in his linguistic work. The picture of this missionary household and its labors is one of the most attractive in Miss Kingsley's volume.

We are inclined to agree with the strictures on the training given in the Mission Évangélique Schools. The boys receive no technical instruction, and the sewing, washing, and ironing which the girls learn is of little use when they return to their native village. Two dresses are given to a scholar when she leaves the mission, but for these is soon substituted one filthy rag, which serves as dress, sheet, towel, and dish cloth. One afternoon M. Jacot returned from a visit to some Fan towns, saying that he had been told of a new reason for polygamy. It enables a man to get enough to eat. The Fans are a very hungry tribe, who enjoy about ten meals a day. The men spend most of their time in the palaver houses at each end of the village street, where the women bring bowls of food of one kind or another all day long. When hunting in the forest they halt every two hours for a substantial snack, "and the gorge they all go in for after a successful elephant hunt is a thing to see once." A single wife would be quite unequal to the work of a Fan household. Miss Kingsley says she had an Irish charwoman who would have done the whole week's work of an African village in an afternoon, but the dilatory Fan woman is cast in quite another mould. Ample material is furnished for the discussion of the polygamy question. But Miss Kingsley's views are opposed to the experiences of Christian missionaries and to New Testament teaching.

At the end of July Miss Kingsley was ready for the most adventurous part of her journey across the country to the river Rembwé. Besides her Ajumba or canoe men she now secured a little escort of Fans. They were infinitely the most swift-footed Africans she had met, and their pace severely tried the Ajumba. "What saved us weaklings was the Fans' appetites; every two hours they sat down, and had a snack of a pound or so of meat and aguma aplece, followed by a pipe of tobacco.

We used to come up with them at these halts." After a few minutes' rest and chat Miss Kingsley used to push on alone and get a good start. One afternoon as she thus advanced she found five elephants wading and rolling in the mud at the bottom of a ravine. She crept forward until she was so close that she could have hit the nearest elephant with a stone. When these creatures marched off Miss Kingsley and her party pushed through the quagmire. The marshy ground nearly pulled their legs off. Then came a search for the elephant ticks, which had fastened on their flesh and made a fearful pricking irritation, with a shooting rheumatic pain, at the spot where they had embedded their heads in the flesh.

The forest consisted chiefly of ebony and hard wood trees. Climbing palms stretched up one giant stem and down another, or ran along the ground over anything they met—rock or fallen timber.

The character of the whole forest was very interesting. Sometimes for hours we passed among thousands upon thousands of grey-white columns of uniform height (about 100—150 feet); at the top of these the boughs branched out and interlaced among each other, forming a canopy or ceiling, which dimmed the light even of the equatorial sun to such an extent that no undergrowth could thrive in the gloom. The statement of the struggle for existence was published here in plain figures, but it was not, as in our climate, a struggle against climate mainly, but an internecine war from over-population. Now and again we passed among vast stems of buttressed trees, sometimes enormous in girth, and from their far-away summits hung great bush-ropes, some as straight as plumb-lines, others coiled round and intertwined among each other until one could fancy one was looking on some mighty battle between armies of gigantic serpents that had been arrested at its height by some magic spell. All these bush-ropes were as bare of foliage as a ship's wire rigging, but a good many had thorns.

Sometimes the wreck of a forest giant by lightning or tornado had allowed sunlight to stream in, and the half-starved seedlings began a race towards



the light. No time to send out side branches or grow fat in the stem!

Up, up to the light level, and he among them who reached it first won in the game of life or death; for when he gets there he spreads out his crown of upper branches, and shuts off the life-giving sunshine from his competitors, who pale and die, or remain dragging on an attenuated existence waiting for another chance, and waiting sometimes for centuries.

Miss Kingsley soon made friends with her Fan escort, though the other natives regarded them as hopeless reproaches. They never lost a chance of telling their mistress: "Those Fan be bad man too much." One Fan gentleman, "with the manners of a duke, and the habits of a dustbin," had joined the party on his own account. He was evidently a person of importance, for his companions treated him with great respect. He carried a splendid gun, with a gorilla skin sheath for its lock, and ornamented all over the stock with brass nails. His costume consisted of a small piece of dirty rag around his loins, and, when going through swamps and dense undergrowth, he wore this scandalously short.

The first day in the forest one of the men shot a snake which was hanging from a bough. The natives say there is no remedy for the bite of this species. The "duke" flattened its head against the tree with a blow of his gun butt, and stuck it into the bag which he carried over his shoulder. It made a savory supper for Miss Kingsley and the Fans, though the other natives would not touch it. Another day they came upon five gorillas, an old male and a young one, with three females. One of the females had a youngster clinging to her, covered with beautiful wavy black hair, which had a slight kink in it. The big male was crouching on his haunches, with his long arms hanging down on either side. The backs of the hands were toward the ground. The elder lady was tearing to pieces and eating a pineapple, the rest were pulling down plantains, eating some and destroying more. The big gorillas seemed to be over six feet high, the others four or five. They kept up a sort of whinnying, chattering noise. Their reach of arm was immense, and when the Fan

hunter startled them by "a paroxysm of falsetto sneezes," they swung themselves off into the forest from bough to bough.

I have seen many wild animals in their native wilds, but never have I seen anything to equal gorillas going through bush: it is a graceful, powerful, superbly perfect hand-trapeze performance.

When the party got near to the Fan town of Efoua, Miss Kingsley took a short cut across some underbrush, and suddenly found herself in a heap on a lot of spikes, at the bottom of a game pit fifteen feet deep. Her thick skirt saved her from serious injury. She sat on the nine ebony spikes, about twelve inches long, and howled lustily to her men who were behind. They hauled her up with a bush rope, but she was scarcely out before one of the natives had crashed through another pit.

They were now close on Efoua, and passing through a thick plantain patch, came out into a great clearing in the forest, covered by the low huts of a big town. They passed through a kind of guard-house gateway in single file, and formed themselves into as imposing a party as possible in the centre of the street. The astonished Efouerians quietly gathered round them, while women and children rushed into the huts and took stock of the new arrivals from the door-holes. The main body of townsmen were away on an elephant hunt. Two of Miss Kingsley's men had friends in Efoua, and a house with two rooms was cleared for her party. The outer room had a pile of boxes in it, with a small fire burning on the floor. Some little bags hung from the roof poles, and there was a general supply of insects. The inner room contained nothing save a hard plank raised on four short pegs from the earth floor. When Miss Kingsley had seen her baggage stowed, she went outside and sat at the doorway on a rickety mushroom-shaped stool, waiting impatiently for her tea. The people thought she was a trader, and were eager to do business. One old man, after a rare hunt in his boxes, brought out a treasure. Miss Kingsley anxiously watched him uncover it, in the hope to secure some rare object of

fetish worship. But, to her disgust, it proved to be an old shilling razor. When night came Miss Kingsley curled herself on the boxes, with her head on the tobacco sack. Waking up in the night she found a violent smell, and, by the smouldering bush light on the floor, traced it to the bags. She opened one and poured its contents into her hat, lest she should lose anything of value. A human hand, three big toes, four eyes, two ears, and other parts of the human frame dropped out. The hand was fresh; the other contents of the bag were shrivelled. The Fans like to keep a memento of their victims.

The next day's march lay along a series of hills, separated by deep ravines. Each ravine had its swamp, through which a river ran. Some swamps were crusted over by exposure to the sun, and it was possible to cross them with a rush, but those that lay in shade were more difficult. The leader of the party would wade in, searching for a ford, till the black, batter-like ooze reached his neck. Success sometimes came at the third or fourth attempt. Then he would struggle out and try again. Miss Kingsley had to undertake this pleasant duty herself when she happened to be in front. The Fan regarded this as a matter of course, and she was too uncertain of them to dare to show the white feather. Near Egaja an enormous tree lay about fifteen feet above a river, forming a kind of bridge. Its bark had been removed, so that it was very slippery, but Miss Kingsley managed to dash across. Inside the town the party was received by a villainous-looking scoundrel, smeared with soot and draped in a fragment of genuine antique cloth. This was a head chief in mourning. He placed a house with four apartments at Miss Kingsley's service. After a while the other chief, who had been out fishing, arrived. He wore a gentleman's black frock-coat, with a bright blue sombrero hat, and an ample cloth of Boma check. His face was very powerful and intelligent. He showed Miss Kingsley great courtesy, ordered his people to bring stools outside for her and himself, and gave her much information about the district. His mother came for medical advice. She had a terrible hand and arm—a

mass of yellow pus, and ulcers, with a big abscess in the arm-pit. Miss Kingsley opened the abscess, washed it out, and poulticed the whole arm. All the cases of sickness in the town had to be dealt with. One was a case of filaria, where the entire white of one eye was full of active little worms with a ridge of them migrating under the skin of the nose towards the other eye. It was eleven at night before Miss Kingsley had dismissed her last patient.

One swamp which they had to cross on their line of march was a gem of beauty, covered with flowers. They saw a native woman ford it, and, following her lead, got on to a submerged bridge. Here Miss Kingsley lost her footing, and had to be fished out of the bog. A little further on lay a still bigger swamp. They met a party of men and women carrying rubber, and thus learnt how to cross. It took an hour and three-quarters to wade through up to the chin. Miss Kingsley only went over head once or twice, but others of her party were less fortunate. One man, finding that he was getting out of his depth, seized a palm frond and pulled himself into deeper water still. Here he had to rest till a special expedition of the tallest men went and gathered him like a flower. One and all were horribly attacked by leeches, which formed a frill round their necks like an Astrachan collar, and covered their hands. They were sorely faint from loss of blood, but it was a comical sight to see the victims salting each other. This was the last serious difficulty of this adventurous march. The party soon emerged on the Rembwé, where Miss Kingsley paid off her Fans at the trade factory. With all their faults and failings, they were real men. Their mistress was sorry to part from them, though she hopes that their next journey together may not be over a country that seems to have been "laid down as an obstacle race track for Mr. G. F. Watts's Titans, and to have fallen into shocking bad repair."

Miss Kingsley gives some interesting details of the life of the black traders in West Africa. Trade follows definite routes, and a village far away in the forest expects the trader to appear twice a year to purchase its rubber and

Ivory. If he does not come the village grows uneasy. The ladies want their new clothes, the gentlemen are eager for their tobacco. If it should be found that another village has killed the trader and stolen his goods, things are made extremely uncomfortable for that village. Herein lies the trader's chief safety, yet he needs another defence. He therefore secures a wife in each village. Miss Kingsley says, "I know myself one gentleman whose wives stretch over three hundred miles of country, with a good wife base in a Coast town as well." The black trader marries into influential families at each village. All his wife's relations on the mother's side thus regard him as one of themselves and look after him and his interests. The discreet husband repays these friendly relatives with many a little favor.

We also learn much about the native tribes in this volume. The young Fan leads a struggling life, aided only by his mother, until he can steal a runaway wife from a neighboring village or gather enough rubber and ivory to buy one. Meanwhile he gets his living by fishing or hunting. He aims at securing as wife some widow who, though unattractive in person, knows the way to adulterate the india-rubber so that it will weigh well. Having secured a wife, he takes her round to his relatives, who make little presents to set up the pair in housekeeping. Even then he cannot settle down, for his wife will not kill herself by attempting all the work of the family. Both toil hard till the man can buy more wives. "Some of these are young children, others widows, not necessarily old." It is not till he is well advanced in life that the Fan secures the six or seven wives that he covets. He is a good husband.

He will chop fire-wood, or goat's chop, or he will carry the baby with pleasure, while his good lady does these things; and in bush villages he always escorts her, so as to be at hand in case of leopards, or other local unpleasantnesses. When inside the house he will lay down his gun within handy reach, and build the house, tease out fibre to make game nets with, and plait baskets, or make pottery with the ladies, cheerily chatting the while.

The net work and iron work of the Fans is excellent. Ivory, of course, plays an important part in the wealth of the tribe. It is "everywhere an evil thing before which the quest for gold sinks into a parlor game." A very common method of collecting a tooth is to kill the person who owns it. If you own a tooth you must bury it safely till the trader comes along to buy it. The Fans are light bronze in color, with bright and expressive faces. They are "full of fire, temper, intelligence and go; very teachable, rather difficult to manage, quick to take offence, and utterly indifferent to human life."

Miss Kingsley sailed down the Rembwé in a partly-finished native canoe, and never enjoyed Africa as she did when steering this bark along the black, winding river at dead of night. In a chapter on "Congo Français" she does justice to the splendid work of the greatest West African explorer, M. de Brazza, who has made the French flag respected and feared throughout the region. She also bears witness to Du Chaillu's accuracy and the truthfulness of his descriptions. She knows places where the gorillas are "every bit as thick" as Du Chaillu says. After some supplementary expeditions to Corisco and Cape Esterias Miss Kingsley spent a few weeks in Gaboon, and then sailed on the Niger for Cameroon Bay. She made an ascent of the magnificent peak called Mungo Mah Lobeh,—the Throne of Thônder—which furnishes some pleasant pages for her volume. After a few more weeks on the coast she found her way safely back to England.

Miss Kingsley's chapters on Fetish are profoundly interesting. The West Coast tribes have a universal belief in charms, the virtue of which depends on having in them part of the hair, nail parings, or blood of the person over whom you wish to gain influence. The Igalwa and other tribes allow no one but a trusted friend to do their hair; bits of nails or hair are carefully burnt and thrown away into a river. Charms are made for loving, hating,

fishing, planting, travelling, hunting. A great love charm consists of water the lover has washed in. Mingled with the drink of the loved one this will melt the hardest heart. If a charm fails the medicine man who made it proceeds to investigate the matter. He will perhaps report that the spirit has been lured away from the charm, or killed by a more powerful spirit which is in the pay of some enemy of yours. Graves are sometimes rifled for human eyes, especially those of white men, which have great virtue as charms. The "man that lives in your eye" is thus secured for the service of the village. The heads of important chiefs in the Calabar districts are usually cut off before the body is buried, and kept secretly, lest the head, and therefore the spirit, should be stolen from the town. Charms are hung round the person, round the canoe, the house, and the plantation. A new-born child starts life with a health-knot tied round the wrist, neck, or loins, and its collection increases as the years go on, though it does not attain inconvenient dimensions, through the failure of some charms to work.

In Calabar each person has his Ibet, or thing which he must not touch. In buying a slave the purchaser always asks what the slave's Ibet is? for if that were eaten he would be seized by serious illness. Shortly after a child is born some of the elderly female relatives meet, and discover by use of magic, what the little one's Ibet is to be. He has to keep it for his whole life.

Witchcraft kills more people in West Africa than the slave trade. At almost every death suspicion of unfair dealing arises, and the witch doctor is called in.

Then woe to the unpopular men, the weak women, and the slaves; for on some of them will fall the accusation that means ordeal by poison, or fire, followed, if these point to guilt, as from their nature they usually do, by a terrible death: slow roasting alive—mutilation by degrees before the throat is mercifully cut—tying to stakes at low tide, that the high tide may

come and drown—and any other death human ingenuity and hate can devise.

Miss Kingsley has seen mild, gentle men and women turned in a moment, by the terror of witchcraft, into incarnate fiends, ready to read and destroy those who, a moment before, were nearest and dearest to them. When a great man or woman dies, a terrible fear falls like a spell on the village, and long, low howls creep up out of the silence. The men tear off their clothes, and wear only the most filthy rags, the women strip off their ornaments. Their faces are whitened with chalk, their heads shaven, and they sit crouched on the floor of their huts in abject terror. The only safety for those accused of witchcraft is flight to a sanctuary, but this is no easy matter. It is not uncommon for ten or more persons to be destroyed for one man's sickness or death. Some of the smaller tribes have thus been almost wiped out. In the Calabar district, entire villages have poisoned themselves because the village was accused of witchcraft by a neighboring village.

The witch doctor is often the medical man of the village. He seldom resorts to surgery, but when he does he adopts heroic measures. Doctor Nassau knew of one man who had been accidentally shot. The native doctor made a perpendicular incision into the man's chest, extending down to the last rib. Then he cut diagonally across, lifted the wall of the chest, and groped among the vitals for the bullet, which he successfully extracted. No anæsthetic was employed, and the patient died. The Dualla doctors are great on poultices, and baths, accompanied by massage, are much esteemed.

Dying, especially in the Niger Delta, is made very terrible. When the patient has become insensible,—

violent means are taken to restore the spirit to the body. Pepper is forced up the nose and into the eyes. The mouth is propped open with a stick. The shredded fibres of the outside of the oil-nut are set alight and held under the nose, and the whole crowd of friends and relations—with whom the stifling hot hut is tightly

packed—yell the dying man's name at the top of their voices, in a way that makes them hoarse for days, just as if they were calling to a person lost in the bush, or to a person struggling and being torn or lured away from them. "Hi, hi, don't you hear? come back, come back. See here. This is your place," etc.

If a woman dies, leaving a child over six months' old, special care is taken to pacify her, lest her spirit should come back for the little one. The child is brought in and held just in front of the dead mother. Then it is gradually smuggled out of the hut while a bundle of plantains is put in with the body. Very young children they do not attempt to keep, but throw them away into the bush alive. Woe to the woman who bears twins. Her peace and prosperity are wrecked. If she escapes with life, she becomes a pariah. The under-world to which the spirit goes after death is regarded by negroes and Bantus as just the same as this world, only dimmer. "One day in this world is worth a year in Srah-mandazi."

Miss Kingsley says that she is not afraid of any wild animal until she sees it; then she will yield to no one in terror. She was once caught in a tornado in a dense forest, and came within a yard of a great leopard, who was happily so absorbed in watching the storm that he did not notice the intruder. She crouched behind a rock for twenty minutes till the splendid creature disappeared. One night she heard a great dog fighting outside. Rushing into the feeble moonlight she fired two mushroom-shaped stools into the whirling mass, which broke up into a leopard and a dog. The leopard crouched as though ready to spring on his new adversary, but she seized an earthen water cooler which stood near, and sent it crashing straight between his eyes. The leopard lost no time in vanishing into the bush.

In a valuable Appendix, Miss Kingsley deals with the problem of "Trade and Labor in West Africa." She pays high tribute to the Krubays, or natives of the Grain Coast, who make splendid

native servants when well handled, though you need the patience of Job to deal with them. They are mixed characters. The laziest and the most industrious of mortals by turn. Ungrateful and faithful to death, honest and thievish, all in one. Miss Kingsley holds strong views as to the liquor traffic, and maintains that English spirit is almost an essential for the natives of the Niger delta who live in forest swamps saturated with malaria. Some form of alcohol, she says, they will have, and their own concoctions are far more injurious than our gin or rum. His palm wine makes the native a disgusting nuisance for days, and produces renal disease, which either cuts his life short in a paroxysm, or kills him gradually with dropsy. Another native drink is made from honey, flavored with the bark of a tree. It produces intoxication combined with a brilliant bilious attack. She maintains that the missionary party have gravely exaggerated both the evil and the extent of the liquor traffic in West Africa, but adds:—

I make an exception in favor of the late Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission of the Gold Coast, the Rev. Dennis Kemp, who had enough courage and truth in him to stand up at a public meeting in Liverpool, on July 2, 1896, and record it as his opinion that "the natives of the Gold Coast were remarkably abstemious; but spirits were, he believed, of no benefit to the natives, and they would be better without them."

This section is one of the contentious parts of Miss Kingsley's book and will call forth many severe critiques. The whole liquor trade is demoralizing and degrading, and we are sorry that Miss Kingsley takes the position she does. Another Appendix on Disease in West Africa shows that, great as are the delay and difficulty caused by the labor problem, the deadliness of the climate is a far greater and more terrible obstacle to the development of West Africa's immense resources. "Nothing hinders a man, Miss Kingsley, half so much as dying," a friend said the other day. No other region in the world



can match West Africa "for the steady kill, kill, kill that its malaria works on the white men who come under its influence." Eighty-five per cent. of the West Coasters die of fever, or return home with health permanently wrecked. A few men have been out for years and have never had the fever, but you can count them on the fingers of one hand; another class have been out for twelve months at a time and have not had a touch of fever. These you can count on the fingers of two hands. By far the largest class have a slight dose of fever once a fortnight; and some day, apparently for no extra reason, get a heavy dose and die. There is a fourth class, and it is a very considerable one—those who die within a fortnight to a month of going ashore. Yet, despite the toll of life which they exact, our West African possessions repay us as a mercantile nation by an annual trade of about nine millions sterling. Miss Kingsley gives due honor to the heroes of commerce who have founded and built up our West Coast trade and influence, "for of them, as well as of such men as Sir Gerald Portal, truly it may be said—of such is the kingdom of England." But a nobler crown rests on the head of missionaries and missionaries' wives who have braved the terrors of West Africa, and paved the way for its future greatness. They love their work too dearly to quarrel with Miss Kingsley for her critiques on their methods, and will not be slow to gather hints from one who is an enthusiast for West Africa. Greater attention is being given to that technical training on which this volume so strongly insists, and in this our own mission is leading the van. Africa has had no friends and helpers like its missionaries, and of such truly "is the kingdom of heaven."

---

From *The Athenæum*.  
THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON.<sup>1</sup>

(Second Notice.)

While "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is being, as we said last week, constantly

alluded to as though it were Stevenson's typical work, his best characters—Catriona, for instance, and Prince Otto—seem to have made little impression upon the critics, and none upon the public. Hence it may be said that amongst those writers whose fate it is to win praise for their worst work, and blame or neglect for their best, Stevenson must be counted. The crowning sorrow of every true artist's life is to have a full share of that artistic conscience which drives the artist like a goad in one direction, and yet to be driven in another by the tyranny of Byles the Butcher. And this is why there is a pathetic, almost a tragic note in that letter of Stevenson's that we quoted last week. The taste of the public had to be consulted, and Stevenson yielded. In our literature there are only too many such cases. Hood's case was one; another was that of England's greatest humorist—the writer whose mood and method Stevenson at the beginning of his career deliberately set out to imitate—Sterne. Those who will take the trouble to compare the earlier volumes of "Tristram Shandy" (published at York) with those that at intervals followed will find (as has been well pointed out) that the three elements of the early volumes—humor, "sentiment," and indecency—vary in relation to each other as the work proceeds. Whimsical and self-pleasing as Sterne was, he, as a writer of fiction, felt (as afterwards Scott felt) that he was producing a commodity for the public market. But two very different kinds of public to cater for had Sterne and Scott. Sterne, finding that his readers had but a dull appreciation of his humor, a vivid appreciation of his "sentiment," and a voracious appetite for his indecency, gave them what they wanted. More's the pity!

In the same way Stevenson found that it was such work as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" which enlarged his public—enlarged it far beyond that which he had secured by his *impressions de voyage*, and even by those admirable stories of adventure which are just as fascinating to the adult as to boys.

<sup>1</sup> The works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edinburgh Edition. Vols. I.—XXIV. (Longmans & Co., etc.)

This will account for and excuse the ghastly ugliness of such stories as "The Wrecker." Though, as we have said before, there was undoubtedly a morbid strain in his constitution, it seems hard to believe that such a work as this is by the same writer whose winsome pictures of travel won for him at the first the suffrages of his best readers, and who gave us the story of "Prince Otto," his masterpiece if fiction is still to be ranked among the fine arts. There is no knowing what English literature has lost through the chilly reception accorded to that book. Instead of hailing Stevenson as the rival of Sir Walter Scott where Scott is supreme, and instead of treating "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as the rendering *par excellence* of the great idea of man's dual nature, why did not those voluble friends of his do their best to force upon the attention of the public a story such as Scott with all his genius could not have written? Yes, the way in which the fascinating hero of this story and the less fascinating heroine are made to find in the end, to their great surprise, that "though married," they love each other, is in an exquisite vein of refined humor and ethereal irony that was beyond Scott. Not even the delicate imagination and the wise playfulness of Mr. George Meredith are more delicious to the cultivated reader than are the same qualities in "Prince Otto." Though no doubt the influence of another writer, Richter, may be felt, that such a book had but scant success is an ugly sign of the times.

And what about those *impressions de voyage* with which Stevenson began his literary career? It is one of the most engaging charms of the thorough going Stevensonians that they seem to have read nothing before Stevenson wrote. For instance, the plot of "Treasure Island" never for a moment suggested to them "The Gold Bug" or "Monte Cristo." Had the "Inland Voyage" and the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" been original in mood and in method, it might have been prophesied for them that their permanent place in literature was secure. But though man is no doubt a worthy (or is some day going to be a worthy) specimen of Nature's ingenious handiwork, if there is

one thing in which he is *not* remarkable it is this very matter of originality of mood and method. And this is why, in the same court of universal criticism where the faithful editors are bringing, with such splendor of type and paper, Stevenson's works, it is generally considered necessary before judgment is pronounced to ask, "Is the mood and is the method of this book the writer's own?" Now we should be grieved to startle the Stevensonian mind overmuch, but the truth must be told: there was a writer in the last century named Laurence Sterne, who also was given to sentimental travelling, who also encountered a donkey—two donkeys, one alive and one dead—with whom he held philosophical and sentimental colloquies. Few things in literature are more striking than the impression that was made by the mood and method of this earlier sentimental traveller upon the entire literature of Europe. It is not merely that you cannot turn over the pages of forgotten English writers and English magazines of that period without coming constantly upon imitations of the antics of poor Yorick in "Tristram Shandy;" but the same may be said of the writers of France and Germany. And equally were the reading public captivated by the "Sentimental Journey" and its moralizings upon the varying phenomena of continental life. Everybody was making sentimental journeys through the countries of western Europe; everybody as he moved about from town to town was making his reflections *à la* Yorick. "Gleanings in France," "Gleanings in Belgium," "Gleanings in Holland," "Gleanings in England and Wales," were not confined to the glib pen of Samuel Jackson Pratt—everybody who could join three sentences together was "gleaning, gleaning" philosophical reflections by the wayside as he moved sentimentally from place to place. It was the same in Germany. It is not only in such poor books as the "Physiognomical Travels" of Musæus that Sterne is to be traced, but in the records of the travels of Goethe and Heine and others among the great ones we hear the ghostly echoes of Yorick's voice. Nor has the influence of Sterne's colloquies with his living donkey in "Tris-

tram Shandy," and his dead donkey in the "Sentimental Journey," ever passed away. Even a work of genius like Borrow's "Bible in Spain" would have been something not exactly like what it now is had not Yorick and his two donkeys existed. But it was in the very land from which Stevenson hailed, it was in "fair Scotland," that Sterne and his donkeys played the greatest havoc with a nation's literary moods and methods. The humor (not only deeply humanitarian, but shedding its sweet sunshine over all the animal kingdom) of Sterne addressing his two donkeys is the basis of much Scottish humor. From Burns's address to a field-mouse and his address to a louse on a lady's bonnet, down to "Rab and his Friends," is the influence of those two donkeys seen and felt. And as to Yorick's sentiment, it has spoilt, alas! most of Burns's letters.

It would be rude to hint at the existence of any blood relationship between a Scottish gentleman and a donkey, but without that donkey Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," could never have existed at all. In the best humor of Carlyle, too (sometimes in Yorick's own accents, sometimes in the accents of his imitator Richter), we hear again those colloquies with the ghosts of those same two donkeys—colloquies which, indeed, give voice to man's new and nobler temper towards his brother animals, the temper of Jaques.

This being so it is no wonder that Stevenson began in his *impressions de voyage* by mimicking the manner of Sterne. So far, indeed, did he go in this mimicry that he actually reproduced the 'tis and 'twas of his original, printed the proper names in italics, and said "you shall do" this or that instead of saying "if you do" this or that. This was unlucky, for the imitator himself had his imitators who thought that by saying "'tis" and "'twas" and "you shall" do this or that they became brilliant and wrote like Stevenson. None of Sterne's countless imitators, however, went quite so far as to have colloquies of his own with his own donkey in a sentimental journey through provincial France. To do this required a good deal of courage, but Stevenson ventured upon it, and he was rewarded. He found that he was quite safe; not

one critic noticed it. They one and all treated Stevenson's sentimental journey as something quite new in literature. And it is actually left for us, at this time of day, to ask the question: What place has Stevenson's donkey beside the original donkeys of Yorick?

We do not love those troublesome censors who are forever bringing charges of plagiarism against imaginative writers. But upon the subject of originality in literary art there is a consensus of the best opinion, and it is this: In a drama the plot and the main incidents may be borrowed—nay, in the greatest dramas they mostly *are* borrowed from familiar sources; for expectation and not surprise is the proper pivot of dramatic art. In prose fiction, where surprise is a legitimate pivot, the novelist who borrows his plot or his main incidents is a plagiarist. In the essay of humor and fancy, where the writer's own personality takes the place of both plot and character, the mood and the method of the essay must be the writer's own. The mistake that Ferriar made when he brought his charge of plagiarism against Sterne was in supposing that because Sterne got a deal of his learning from Burton and others he was not a writer of the rarest originality. "Give me the manner," said Wordsworth once in conversation, "and I will find the matter." And something like the same thing has been said by La Harpe in his now forgotten treatise on literature and literary art. Now if there is any form of literature to which the saying very specially applies, it is surely to the humorous and sentimental essay. In order to establish its right of existence, new indeed must be the matter of an essay if the manner is not new.

No doubt it may be said of even Sterne's humor that his whimsical attitude in confronting the half-familiar, half-strange phenomena of social life in a country not too far away from his readers, and not too near, did not originate with Sterne himself. No doubt it may be said that this mood can be traced to the great fountain from which all subsequent writers have so freely drunk—the plays of Shakespeare. No doubt we shall find that this mood, called "melancholy" in Shakespeare's

time and "sentimental" in the time of Sterne, is the mood of Jaques moralizing upon human life in Arden wood, and apostrophizing the wounded deer at the brook. But Sterne was a literary artist in prose of the very first order. By a few touches he makes those two donkeys of his live forever. There must be no colloquies with donkeys after those immortal "jackasses" in "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey."

One quality, however, in Stevenson's *impressions de voyage* he did not get from Sterne—a genuine love of open-air life. Sterne without his wig, coach, French valet, and dancing-master gait, Sterne in a country illumined, not by the radiance of mere literary footlights, but by the bright sunshine of France, is almost as good a figure as Yorick himself. But we have been impelled to dwell upon the subject by a terror lest some new mimic of the mimic should be giving us yet another "Sentimental Journey," with "'tis" and "'twas" and italics and all—nay, even, perhaps, feeding a new Modestine with the original master's macaroons. In Sterne's time there were none of those "gipsily inclined men," to use Stevenson's own phrase, who get more enjoyment out of one month of their lives than other people can possibly get in a year. And here we must touch upon a peculiarly pathetic feature of Stevenson's life. If ever a "gipsily inclined man" lived in the nineteenth century (which has produced so many "gipsily inclined men"), it was he who during most of his days was struggling for very life with phthisis, and could only do his gipsying with Polynesian savages instead of European Romanies, because English open-air life would have killed him. It is all very well for George Borrow, in "Lavengro," to give us his perorations upon the sweets of gipsy life. It is all very well for Mr. F. H. Groome, in "Gipsy Tents," to picture the delights of leaving your tent in the dewy morning to fish for your breakfast in the trout streams of Wales. It is all very well for a greater than either of these, Sylvester Boswell himself—the Romany-bred philosopher and philologist of Codlin Gap, "now sleeping under a tent that is called a gipsy tent"

—to declare that "It is much to his profit that it is so, on the account of health, sweetness of the air, and for enjoying the pleasures of Nature's life." But suppose the "gipsily inclined man" has lost one lung and part of another, and if he does ever sleep à la belle étoile in a northern climate does so out of sheer bravado—nay, is scared whenever the tent's mouth is pushed open by the night breeze lest a fit of coughing should come on, and is only kept alive by cod-liver oil! It is, we say, Stevenson's love of open-air life, his rebellion against the tyrannous demands of a civilization whose "Bastille," as he calls it, is based upon the same old, old sophisms as those upon which were based the civilizations of Nineveh and Babylon—it is his touch of the gipsy-temper in these *impressions de voyage* that gives novelty and freshness to them.

And what about his poetry? Poetry being the very crown of literary art, it is natural enough that the writer of prose fiction should, at some period of his life, try to express himself in verse. Now and again an imaginative writer, such as Hugo, Gautier, Emily Brontë, Rossetti, shows that Nature has made him or her ambidextrous in literature. But such cases are rare, and sometimes, as in the case of George Eliot, the reader is astonished to see how small a power of expression in verse may be shown by a writer whose power of expression in prose is great. The subject is an interesting one, and we have touched upon it before when contrasting the artistic methods of the poets of the langue d'oïl, whom we call the trouvères, and the poets of the langue d'oc, whom we call the troubadours. With the troubadour, as we then said, the form is so beloved, the musical language is so enthralling, that howsoever beautiful may be the story or the situation, the writer himself feels it to be no more than the means to a more beloved and beautiful end. With the trouvère the end is the telling of a story. Into troubadours and trouvères all later poets have been divisible, the type of the one in our literature being Keats, the type of the other Sir Walter Scott. From one point of view such a narrative as the "Eve of St. Agnes" or as "Isa-

bella," where the poet thinks first of the way he is going to say the thing, and secondly of the thing he is going to say, is nothing less than vicious writing. And from another point of view Scott's "novels in verse," as Wordsworth called poems like "The Lady of the Lake," are scarcely poetry at all.

The fashions of a writer's period have a good deal, no doubt, to do with his literary method. But as we remarked when contrasting the troubadours with the trouvères, "environment, though enormously powerful in directing a writer's method, is not actually omnipotent. Nature makes her own troubadours and she makes her own trouvères irrespective of environment, irrespective of fashion and of time, irrespective of *lang d'oc* and *langue d'oïl*. And in comparing the troubadours with the trouvères we are struck at once by the fact that there are certain troubadours who by temperament, by original endowment of Nature, ought to have been trouvères, and there are certain trouvères who by temperament ought to have been troubadours. Surrounding conditions alone have made them what they are. There are those whose impulse (though writing, in obedience to contemporary fashions, lyrics in the *langue d'oc*) is simply to narrate, and there are those whose impulse (though writing, in obedience to contemporary fashions, *fabliaux* in the *langue d'oïl*) is simply to sing. In other words, there are those who, though writing after the fashion of their brother troubadours, are more impressed with the romance and wonderfulness of the human life outside them than with the romance and wonderfulness of their own passions, and who delight in depicting the external world in any form that may be the popular form of their time; and there are those who, though writing after the fashion of their brother trouvères, are far more occupied with the life within them than with that outer life which the taste of their time and country calls upon them to paint—born rhythmists who must sing, who translate everything external as well as internal into verbal melody."

We reiterate these words in order to show that all imaginative writers,

prosemen as well as poets, are divisible into the two classes we have been alluding to. Novelists as well as poets are divisible into those to whom the story is everything and the literary form almost nothing, and those to whom the literary form is everything and the story almost nothing. The division is so obvious that it is almost unnecessary to say that in English literature the type of one class is Scott, and in French literature Dumas, and that the type of the other class is in English literature Nathaniel Hawthorne, and in French Gautier. And in trying to find the proper place of any writer we shall find this a useful distinction, except in one case—that of Stevenson. In reading his prose so studious, so fastidious, and often so euphemistic does he seem that we feel as though his natural expression must be verse. And yet when we turn to his poetry so barren is it of verbal felicities that it seems as though his natural form of expression must be prose. Did Nature intend him for a poet or for a proseman? Let us try to see. Apart altogether from the question of the beauty of the verbal texture of his ballads, can he "get at" the reader in verse as he can in prose? His prose story of "Thrawn Janet" and certain passages in his other stories, notably in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," show that he had a real feeling for the supernatural, and the power of conveying it to the reader. When, as in the ballad of "Ticonderoga," he confronts the supernatural in verse, does the cunning of his hand fail him? With regard to "Ticonderoga," his most ambitious effort in verse, it must be remembered that every poem has to be called a failure if it does not show itself to be as impressive as its subject.

In his introduction to the poem he says, "I first heard this legend of my own country from that friend of men of letters, Mr. Alfred Nutt, 'there in roaring London's central stream'"—misquoting a well-known line. This is curious, that the only Scotchman to whom the story was not familiar was Stevenson. The story is noticeable as being perhaps the only one which shows that the terror of the supernatural world may be conquered by the behests of the code of



honor; for in the "Hecatommithl" of Giovanbattista Giralddi Cinthio the mother who shields the murderer of her son through a sense of honor does not defy the spirit world, but earthly officers of justice only. The story so struck the imagination of the late Dean Stanley that when he went to America he would not leave the continent until he had seen Ticonderoga. The dean's version of the story was this. A brother of Campbell of Inverawe House was killed in an encounter with a friend. The slayer knew that if he could by any means get his victim's brother to promise him sanctuary, he would be safe from him and from those whose duty it was to avenge the crime—the word of honor of a Highland chief would not be broken, and consequently he would be safe. Therefore he ran at once to Inverawe House, and induced the brother, a well-known officer of the forty-second, to promise him protection. When the pursuers tracked the homicide to his place of refuge and demanded him, Campbell refused to give up even his brother's murderer, having pledged his word for the man's safety. But on that same night the apparition of his brother appeared to him (the room in which it appeared is still shown at Inverawe House) and demanded the surrender of the culprit. The officer, however, feeling that his word of honor was more sacred than the commands of a blood feud, even though they were uttered by a brother's spirit, refused to break his word. Three times on three consecutive nights did the vision appear, and three times did Campbell refuse to break his word. On the third occasion the apparition said, "We shall meet at Ticonderoga." Campbell tried in vain to discover what the mysterious word Ticonderoga meant. When the American war broke out the Forty-Second Regiment had to storm one day the fort which bore the Indian name of Ticonderoga. The officers of the Forty-Second, who had often heard Campbell's inquiry as to the mysterious word pronounced by his brother's spirit, concealed from Campbell the fact that the name of the place to be attacked was Ticonderoga, and conspired to give it some other name. At the assault Campbell fell mortally wounded, and

as he lay dying in front of a trench the apparition again appeared to him. And Campbell's last words to those around him were, "You have deceived me: I have seen the apparition again; this is Ticonderoga."

In treating this subject for a ballad there were two ways open to Stevenson: he could either tell the story in the diction and in the movements of modern poetry, and so "get at" the reader in a direct manner and make him, by the evident sincerity of the utterance, feel the supernatural thrill, or he could imitate the archaic manner of the old English and Scottish ballads, and so lift it into the region of romantic poetry. In one case he might have "struck home" to the reader's imagination, as Coleridge did in his modern ballad of the "Three Graves," by freedom from that air of make-believe which is so often inseparable from modern imitations of old poetic forms. For even if another "Clerk Saunders" or another "Wife of Usher's Well" could be written, the reader would miss much of its witchery from the mere knowledge of its modern origin and authorship. In the other case Stevenson might have "struck home" to the reader's sense of poetry as Coleridge did in the "Ancient Mariner" and as Rossetti did in "Sister Helen." Each method has its advantages and its disadvantages. The fault of Coleridge's powerful ballad the "Three Graves" is a certain Southey-like banality of tone, which is apt to accompany metrical narratives of strong and striking situations. The fault of most imitations of old ballads is that sense of make-believe before alluded to, which is destructive of artistic illusion. Stevenson by mixing the method of the modern ballad with the method of the ancient ballad has no doubt produced a striking poem which arrests the reader's attention. But no reader on recalling the story of Ticonderoga associates it with Stevenson's version of it. Far better than "Ticonderoga" is "Heather Ale." Here the poet makes no attempt at imitating the diction and locutions of the old ballad, but goes straight to business, and tells the story in the form that was natural to him, as though he had no time to indulge in "make-believes."

It is as the writer of "A Child's Garden of Verses" that Stevenson will live as a poet. Here he is at his strongest, and indeed above all competitors. Other writers see the child from the convex side, he alone from the concave side. Even Blake and even Christina Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne have contented themselves with writing about children or for children. They have not dramatically entered the personality of the universal child and given utterance to his feelings. No one who reads the poems can fail to be startled by their dramatic truth; no one who reads them can doubt that he who wrote them was a man of genius. The way in which the wildly fanciful is in a child's mind mingled with the matter-of-fact was never rendered until the appearance of this unique little treasure-house of poetry.

---

From *Cosmopolis*.

#### MACHIAVELLI IN MODERN POLITICS.

Put into print, Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture on Machiavelli is the most stirring political pamphlet that has dropped from the English press for many a year. It is so partly from its own force and intention, but more because response to the questions it evokes was already prepared and eager in every mind concerned with international affairs, and the domestic contention arising therefrom. No very sensitive apparatus is needed to detect that the whole world is heaving with political excitement of one confused kind or another; and in that state of things Mr. Morley rallies attention to principles and problems which every combatant should make up his mind about—which, at the least, need more consideration than they get. A strong sense of this need directed Mr. Morley's purpose, and probably inspired his choice of a theme. Though he puts Machiavelli's assumptions, and the doctrine formed on them, under the critic's spy-glass, it is not with an antiquarian design of inquiry and exposition. Their interest is as active forces,

not unlikely to become more active still. Machiavelli was not the father of Machiavellism, nor was Italy at any period its birthplace. It was in practice for many an age in many a land, before he coined in choice Italian its justification by necessity; and it is practised still, not only when his justification is assented to, but also when it is not. Therefore, Machiavellism remains a study of to-day, and even becomes pressing as conscience more uneasily perceives that the time for doing quite without it is not yet.

"Machiavelli's repute and his writings have never been objects of more copious attention all over Europe than in the last half-century that is now closing;" which is evidence of the truth of the saying that Machiavelli is a citizen of all countries, and Machiavellism a constant and contemporary influence. "Revolutions in France, unification in Germany, the disappearance of the temporal power, the activity of the principle of nationality, the realization of the idea of the Armed People, have all in turn and in different forms raised the questions to which Machiavelli gave such daring point." The list might have been prolonged. Recent events and troubles still unsettled have brought those questions yet nearer to the common view. Especially in its later years, the century that is now closing has witnessed a more general revolt against the subjection of ethical motive in politics and government on the one hand—on the other, the former perception of a scientific age that no State is able to free itself from obedience to the natural order; by which I mean the law of conflict celebrated in the description of nature as "red in tooth and claw."

To this heightened perception, probably, as well as to a clearer understanding that he had no delight in the complexity of evil with good in the working of human affairs, Machiavelli owes a sustained reaction in his favor. Time was, as Macaulay said seventy years ago, when he was commonly described as the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of

perjury, and as if, before the publication of his fatal "Prince," there had never been a hypocrite, a tyrant, a traitor, a simulated virtue, or a convenient crime. The chapters which provoked this extravagance of blame are extremely enigmatical, and the more so when compared with others in the same small book—as that which treats "Of those who have obtained Sovereignty by their Crimes." There the prince is told that "it must not be called virtue to murder our fellow-citizens, or to sacrifice our friends, or to be insensible to the voice of faith, pity, and religion." In the damning chapters—most or all of which are addressed to a "new Prince," a Prince of "recent elevation," troubled by "the difficulties which occur in preserving a State newly conquered"—it is not indeed called virtue, but it is said to be often necessary, to play the hypocrite, to break faith, and deliberately to violate the laws of charity, humanity, and religion. A prince should beware of taking alarm from phantoms of his own creation, and of lending a too ready ear to terrifying incitements. But, above and despite of everything, "the ruler's business is to save the State," and all means necessary to that end are permitted or even obligatory. The more literal reading is, that the ruler's business is to maintain his own authority. But interpreted by Machiavelli's intensely patriotic feeling, his republicanism, the tenor of the "Discourses," and by many a passage in "The Prince" itself, his meaning must be the good of the State where a ruler's tyranny might be understood. Only by that interpretation can the particular body of doctrine which looks so atrocious have a living interest for us in these times. Nothing that has lately happened or is likely to happen raises the question whether a prince with a will to govern his people in his own way, by treachery, hypocrisy, inhumanity, is justified in doing so. But much that has happened and may happen does revive the question whether a State—this State, for example—is bound to use moral means only for

maintaining its existence and its freedom. Does the Machiavellian precept apply in that case in any measure or in none? Is there or is there not a justification of necessity for resorting to Machiavellian methods when the safety of a nation is in peril absolute? In considering these things, must we not ask whether the individual and the community are subject to the moral law in equal degree?

These, at any rate, are the questions raised in Mr. Morley's *Romanes* lecture, and they are not so easily disposed of as a good man could wish. Mr. Morley gives no positive answer to them, but he shows clearly enough in which way his convictions run. Acknowledging the Florentine's depth and accuracy of thought, he says that "in the great cycles of human change Machiavelli can have no place among the strong thinkers and orators and writers who have elevated the conception of the State and humanized the methods and maxims of government." And that is true; yet he keeps his place in another order of strong thinkers as useful to the existence of the State as these others for its adornment. It is also true that the modern conception of the State does import a large measure of moral responsibility—Indeed, "nas" long made of it a moral person, capable of right and wrong, just as are the individuals composing it." To that we must agree, and admit that here we have a true ideal. Yet that a State must be moral to live, as Mr. Morley argues, is not the whole question; for it is no mere quip that a State must live to *become* moral. And still there remains the persistent necessity, in much of the business of statesmanship, of dealing with things as they are and not as they will be or ought to be. The individual and the community are not, I think, equally subject to the moral law, and when the existence of the State is in jeopardy, its government must take the means by which the peril can be averted, even though they are immoral judged by the obligations of morality between citizen and citizen within the State itself.

This is a rough saying for tender consciences, and rasps upon the lips that utter it. But yet there is a word that reconciles it with morality itself, which word is "War." This we shall see, I think, when we consider what war is, how fixed it is in the nature of things, and that, for much of its function, statesmanship must be considered part of the machinery of war.

Before we go to that, however, we may conveniently pause upon a warning which Mr. Morley expresses in the following words: "It is well to take care, lest in blaming Machiavelli for openly prescribing hypocrisy, men do not slip unperceived into something like hypocrisy of their own." This most salutary warning is needed in all directions. It is needed by those who publicly discuss the ethics of government, and by those who, either born or appointed to practise its arts, have an account to render to their consciences and the State.

To speak first of the teachers—publicists and others—they are under a very strong temptation to slip into an hypocrisy of their own. Two things bring them into this danger, of which two things only one can be accounted innocent. It is the fear that, by laying bare the unmoral foundation of States, by admitting that statesmanship has still to work perforce by the natural law, which is brutal, and only as it can by the moral law, which is divine, advance to a nobler condition of things may be discouraged and hindered. This is a benevolent fear, and pardonable as such. The other temptation should certainly be shunned. It is the temptation of those who, scared by a dread of sharing the black Machiavellian blame, affect a far more confident belief in the dynamics of moral influence than they really feel; and so seek righteousness in trampling over truth. This is a contagious hypocrisy, and therefore the more to be suppressed; and a blinding hypocrisy, and therefore the more to be avoided; and common, which makes of it already a public danger.

As for those who are actually em-

ployed in State affairs, their case is this. Only in one of two ways can many of them be acquitted of slipping into hypocrisy: either they are unaware that their practice is often Machiavellian in the right opprobrious sense, or they avow it. Mr. Morley cites some strong examples from the past: notably Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Mazzini, "in some respects the loftiest moral genius of the century," a description I do not quote to dispute. But Frederick, perfect artisan in Machiavellism, Napoleon who made with it a *mariage de convenance*, Mazzini who could not reject all the worst of it, though he graced acceptance with sorrow—these are but types of a thousand such if we look far enough for them. Our present interest in the subject, however, is Machiavellism in its modern adoptions and rejections; and if we take the trouble to look, we shall see that there is as much of the one as the other. Nor are the adoptions all from the best, the rejections all from the worst.

To look at home, where we are most concerned, how hypocritical it would be to pretend that the Machiavellism we denounce both in public and private is never practised against the Blacks! Recent history, viewed through the glasses that morality puts on to read Machiavelli, shows that it is done constantly and thoroughly. Except by a cossetting self-delusion which the Italian would have despised, the treatment does not change its character when applied to Blacks; and, for that matter, we have seen something quite lately of its application to Whites. In the joint and several qualities of deceit, hypocrisy, and violence, the design against the Transvaal government might have been concocted from a recipe drawn from the eighteenth chapter of "The Prince." True, the Supreme government in England cannot be accused of taking any part in the conspiracy, but how much is betrayed in the general unchallenged comment that it would have been universally applauded if it had not failed! Here peeps out something in a human na-

ture which the thinkers and writers who would raise the tone of public morality might turn the whole of their attention to with profit. Passing it by for the moment, I would add that Maine was right when he said that some of the worst political faults attributed to Machiavellian teaching are active in party-leadership. As Mr. Morley remembers, Maine imagined a modern writer analyzing the "party hero," or party leader, as Machiavelli analyzed the prince. Such a writer, he said, while allowing the party leader every sort of private virtue, would find that he is "debarred by his position from the full practice of the great virtues of veracity, justice, and moral integrity. He can never tell the full truth" (as a matter of fact he often tells no part of it when suppression is a wrong), "and can rarely be bold except in the interests of his faction." Here Maine's first intention was to show that democratic government offers no particular advantage in official probity; the "position" of party-leadership has its own irresistible corruptions. My purpose being slightly different, I add that there are unresisted corruptions which are not irresistible. The party-leader's descent from right-doing is not always compulsory, or demanded by his "position," except in the sense that he might otherwise lose it. But, with or without that addition, Maine's statement of the case is true; though Mr. Morley, his own conscience affronted but unhurt, describes it as an ingenious hint which may perhaps be salutary. It is very much more than that. With my little addition it is a vast deal more, and all to the purpose of Mr. Morley's lecture.

But is it really true, then, that, in domestic affairs, modern governments and party leaders are unvarnished, lead astray—even gamble, perhaps, with the safety of the State—and do so upon no irresistible compulsion but for their own good? It is. Great public men, though possessed of every private virtue, as certainly do these things as that it is a kind of Machiavellism that Machiavelli did not approve. Instances of

the most convincing character could be given from the history of the last twenty years, with evidence that the wrong-doing was productive of great harm. It should be enough, however, that such examples as the common treatment of despatches and blue-books can be pointed to. Blue-books are in the nature of accounts rendered. "Wait till the papers are produced," say the nation's trustees when their conduct is challenged. But in many a case the accounts are "cooked"—the correspondence falsified. There are, of course, substantial "reasons of State" for keeping back important documents; but I am thinking of cases in which no reasons of State come into the matter, but only reasons of party or of office. In such cases, when they are serious, "the papers" will come out so mauled and maimed that all veracity disappears; they are studiously made un-varnished, and the country takes in what they are for what they are supposed to be. I am able to say this because I have witnessed the mauling operation—have seen the inconvenient truth in original papers scored out of them, as if with Nicolò's own pen, which has been likened to a stiletto. And what is the necessity here, which, overcoming every sort of private virtue in the agents and exemplars of our political system, counteracts the labor of the untrammelled spirits who strive to civilize the arts of government? If there be any such necessity, it must be of the kind created by imagination out of the love of power and the pain of losing it—the same, in fact, though dwindled, tamed, and decorous, which conquered princely private virtues in the time of the Borgias.

Since gambling with a nation's safety has been mentioned, a word should be said to justify the imputation. But it shall be a brief word, for this is no impeachment of particular ministries or parties, but meant to point to a Machiavellism of the wrong sort, practised in the wrong place, and without the necessary "reasons of State" for palliation. Suffice it, then, to recall the fact that all the imperative reason there was



three years ago to make a strong fleet stronger existed many years before to redeem a weak fleet from perilous inadequacy. No one will question this statement who is competent to do so. The facts were known—the growing peril, the standing inadequacy—so bountifully acknowledged since. With precise explanation on both points they were forced on the attention of governments which naturally knew more about them already than anybody else. And ministers stood up and said that, as the only real and responsible authorities on the subject, they were entirely satisfied with the condition of England's naval armaments. Why was this done? Exhausted ingenuity finds only one explanation and it is allowed. That was a time when the princes of our political system were afraid that a costly attempt to make England secure would make themselves unsafe. Therefore, of the two—the country on the one hand, the party on the other—they preferred that the former should take its chance.

Machiavelli made out that to hold the mirror up to human nature, to mark what you see reflected and to go by it as you find it, without loitering over its moralities, as the speculative do, is the one safe rule in politics. It is the safer because the fundamentals of human nature never change. You may always rely upon it, for example, that the bulk of it is bad; that the badness is more to be reckoned upon for stability and activity than the goodness. With every reason to think so in his day and generation, he was not quite right. That comfort we may allow ourselves confidently. Observers like Sir Henry Johnston in Africa, and the agents of our government in the South Seas, are confounded by the gusto with which civilized men will strip and plunge into the delights of savage unrestraint; while if we stay at home, philosophers say, we do not lose but only change our vices, the new ones never being thought unsightly till they cease to be the mode. Yet human nature does improve, so that even in politics there are palpable amellora-

tions. The coarser corruptions in old countries have been nearly extinguished leaving only the finer; and there are no coarse crimes in high places. Yet if Machiavelli could review with that illuminating eye of his our treatment of the bad black man Lobengula, and the Rhodesian plot, and those other more delicate matters which Mr. Morley's warning against hypocrisy started me upon, he might say: "I see that I spoke truly. Men may change their garb, their aspect, their language, the scene and scope of their activities, but human nature remains the same. If vices dwindle, it is to fit the occasion. Pale passions for piping times, of course; but with no lessening reserve of the red. And as another sign of the enduring character of mankind, I see that if we sixteenth-century politicians were unaware of the blackness of our methods, that weakness of successive generations did not end with us. The inner light of these nineteenth-century men never settles on their own feebler faults."

And in contemplating these feebler faults, he would discover a world-wide difference between his own and some that resemble them. For there is all the difference in the world between the Machiavellian patriot and the Machiavellian egotist. For that reason, Napoleon ought never to be cited as in any just sense a disciple of Machiavelli; although, if I do not mistake Mr. Morley's intention (as perhaps I do), he, too, brings Napoleon forward to show how far in guilt a ruler may be carried by Nicolò's justifying maxims. That Napoleon did find justification in them is no doubt true, which is a sovereign illustration of the mischief which the Council of Trent proposed to suppress by banning Machiavelli's political disquisitions outright. But, as I understand their author, these same maxims were no more intended for Napoleonic use than for the encouragement of piracy. And Mr. Morley's acknowledgment that Napoleon "sacrificed pity, humanity, faith, religion, and public law, less for the sake of the State than to satisfy his own ravening

egotism," puts the two men asunder at once. For a moment they may seem to stand together, but we look again and they are opposed. Napoleon's rav-ening egotism, fed by the sacrifice of all the virtues, finished by eating up the safety of the State. His crimes included what Machiavelli would have risked his soul to prevent. It was precisely for the State's salvation that the Florentine Italian was ready to stab at faith, ruth, humanity, religion, if no other stroke would serve.

It is this same difference that opposes the author of "The Prince" to the kind of Machiavellism which is said to be forced (I reject the word) on government great men and leaders in England. We have seen what it is by description and example. This also is Machiavellism of the egotist, and therefore of the wrong sort. Moreover, were it other than it is, it would still be practised in the wrong place—that is to say, within the commonwealth and upon the community; and it plainly lacks the "reasons of State" demanded for even moderate infidelities to veracity and trust. Sufficient reasons of State may possibly be found for violations of morality in defending a nation against its enemies, but there are no such reasons for betraying the confidence of the nation itself. What degree of menace from abroad might justify the government of one country in planting deceits upon another is disputable; but when such things are done by governments against the good of the State in which they live, no conceivable amount of danger to themselves can excuse the wrong. To be false in State affairs with the purpose of averting a public danger is Machiavellian, and not by everybody pardoned. When deceits in any form are launched within the State, to its damage, for no purpose but to ease a government or prosper a faction, that is Machiavellism corrupted; and whether there be little or much of it, it is by far the worse thing of the two.

If, then, the Machiavellian doctrine—revived by the activity of the nationality principle, the greed for colonies,

the competitions of imperialism—threatens the world with its returning influence, some limit may be possibly put upon the misfortune by attacking its worst abusers. The Machiavellian patriot may as well be given up. At the present stage of progress he will not be easily convinced that he is wrong; indeed, when he is of "the old rock," he starts from the belief that he ought to take his chance with whatever bad morality may mix with the instinct which he trusts. But the Machiavellian egotist is every man's enemy, and must be recognized for what he is under adequate exposition. We have seen him in two characters; in neither can he show any claim to a tolerated existence, and to remove him altogether would clear the field widely for the better influences of the time.

Unfortunately, however, the Napoleonic egotist has friends in half the instincts of unregenerate man. The abomination and the littleness of Napoleon's character are better known now than ever they were; the awful sacrifices he exacted for his own glory were always known; and, since his fall, there was never so much admiration of him as in this ethical age. His prodigious mastery of men, the splendor and resource of his intellect, force pardon for his great and little villainies even from the best of men. So strong is the old Adam in us all. Little Napoleons arise, take the name, spread themselves over some great department of human affairs, announce that their genius and their methods are frankly Napoleonic and therefore beyond regulation, snatch acquiescence, captivate imagination, and so go on with a career which fascinates even when viewed through disastrous failure. The times abound with little Napoleons, from Napoleons in oil, in rails, in mines, up to Napoleons in politics domestic and imperial. How good it would be were they fully expounded, both the great and the small! Nothing is more fatal to the advancement of humanity than the superstition that genius and power combined are naturally free from the ordinary obliga-

tions of morality. This is the something in human nature, referred to in a foregoing paragraph, which the thinkers and writers who work for the advancement of mankind might profitably turn the whole of their attention to. Yet not all. Some of their ennobling efforts should be spared for the politicians who erroneously believe themselves obliged by their position to make free with public morals and public trust. In countries like this, at any rate, there is no such compulsion; and many who lament their slavery to it would have to avow, in a palace of truth, that what is "obligation" from the lips outward is snugly understood within as privilege. In effect, the supposed and allowed Napoleonic privilege of adjusting character to career, and of reading Scripture by the light of one's own peculiar star.

It is not in domestic government, however, that the returning influence of Machiavellian precept is to be dreaded, but rather in the rising conflict of nations for commerce and empire. Writing with that prospect in view, Mr. Morley's fear is that, the Machiavellian patriot being called to the front in half-a-dozen countries at once, a general check will be given to the moral and spiritual forces which have softened "the character of nations" since Machiavelli's day. If the portents of the time are fulfilled, that is not an unlikely consequence. For this reason, it is the more important to direct those saving forces upon the Machiavellian egotist wherever found. For States at our advanced stage there is neither use nor excuse for Machiavellian principles in domestic government. But (to approach the most difficult part of the whole subject) unless such States are kept in existence, upholding and continuing and imparting their advancement, the hope of constant progress for mankind becomes very faint indeed. It then appears that Machiavelli was not very far wrong when he judged the amount of good and evil in the world to be ever the same. "This bad and this good shift from land to land," changing about as

empires rise and fall, and as one civilization perishes by the hand of another.

"Given a corrupt, a divided, a distracted community, how are you to restore it?" That is one problem, and the one that pressed for solution in the Italy of Machiavelli's day. Another is, Given a sound, well-ordered, ambitious-of-good-community, how are you to secure it? That is the problem of to-day in the older European States. The Florentine's first answer to the question we find ourselves forced to accept, though it shades off into counsel which none of us like and some of us reject. It is, Be strong to smite, ready to smite, and swift, and willing. Learn to be crafty in approach, finished in address, unsparing in defence or attack. In brief, the advice of the lion to the fox, of the fox to the lion. The second and best-known answer is the staggerer. It comes to this, when rightly and fairly expressed, as it very seldom is: If nothing less will help to secure the existence of your State in freedom, you may do anything that a wild animal will do—knowing nothing of God, or devil, or sentiment or morals, or any sort of *point d'honneur*—for his life and liberty. And you may do anything that a wild animal would do if he had a finer cunning and no more conscience.

Now how about that?

The right reply to a doctrine which was not inspired by wishes, is not what we could desire it to be but what it must be. It is human nature to shrink from the reply as it must be, and that is the only comfortable thing that can be said about the matter; for here is good promise that the reply as it must be will lose its vigor as time goes on. But yet the lamentable truth is that this good promise would be far less likely of fulfilment were the doctrine rejected than if acted upon. And when I say acted upon, an important consideration should be remembered which closely affects our estimate of Machiavelli's mysterious character and the practical outcome of his precepts.

Though he allows his principles no adorning diaphanous veil, but presents them naked in the cold-blooded scientific way, it is inconceivable that he intended their application beyond the measure of the need, and certain that, if he did, we are not to debate but to dismiss the madness. And now, his doctrine being debated, what is "the reply as it must be?" This, I think: Redeemed from the folly that could not have been Machiavelli's, and applied to the conflicts of country with country, his doctrine has deplorable but perfect justification.

Mr. Morley, who represents a very large body of opinion and feeling, thinks it right that the State should have an almost personal moral responsibility. And so I think, but with a proviso. We should beware of assuming that moralities the practice of which tends to the perfecting of character are always practicable for the protection of States. And it should be allowed that the protection of a civilized State by its citizens is of itself a virtue, even when tried by the highest considerations.

The morality of a State presents itself to my mind as a trinity in unity. There is that which goes to the perfecting of citizenship, that which goes to the perfecting of individual character, and that which makes for the extension of civic relations, or their amenities rather, to other States; which is the one way alone of bringing mankind under the domination of none but moral and spiritual forces. Through the perfecting of individual character, the perfecting of citizenship; through the perfecting of both, the extension of the obligations and amenities of citizenship to groups of nations. That is the natural order; and the development of political morality in the third place (extension of the obligations and amenities of citizenship to groups of nations) cannot be forced on except by moral development in the other two, and especially by importing into international relations the fundamental principle of citizenship; that is to say, the mutuality principle.

The morality of citizenship, as well as its security, is a willing, and, if necessary, a to-any-extent self-sacrificing obedience to the duties of citizenship; also, the purifying and enlarging of them as the moral law suggests. To this end, as I have said, the perfecting of individual character contributes largely. But though it do so to any degree yet known or in expectation, patriotism, which is in nearly every sense a determination to maintain at all hazards the existence and freedom of the State, still remains a civic virtue. What is more, it stands as the basic support of the others, and cannot be got rid of without their destruction together with the State itself. Unless the free existence of the community is upheld through a long, long period of moral development, and upheld till other States reciprocate the bias to a higher morality, the only way of bringing mankind under the domination of none but moral and spiritual forces is fatally interrupted. With the ruin of the State, the process breaks down at some point before the perfecting of citizenship and individual character has prepared a possibility of including groups of nations in the obligations and amenities of citizenship. "We rise upon the stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," but not when our dead selves are dead enough for consignment to the grave. We have then no more moral influence for our own use or for the benefit of others. From all which it appears that when the higher morality goes about to weaken the patriotism that would uphold the existence and freedom of the State at all costs, it is in danger of making a prodigiously immoral mistake.

I shall not be asked whether I think it patriotic to seek national prosperity by outrage on the rights of other nations, or robbery from them either by violence or chicanery. That does not come into the questions raised by Machiavelli's doctrine in certain chapters of "The Prince," and if it did I have sufficiently answered the inquiry already. But I shall be asked whether I

mean to say, after showing that nations as they rise from barbarism must be protected from destruction if their spiritual growth is to have a chance, that Machiavelli's precepts for self-preservation may be followed pardonably. I say Yes, upon the understanding that their application does not go beyond the measure of the need.

In speaking of the conduct of national affairs, we must translate "the State" into "statesmanship." The statesman has to do, firstly and secondly, with forces as forces, and little with their morality. Very often, it is only as forces, that they can be dealt with, and only, perhaps, by an array of the same or similar forces. He must not in all cases confine his means of defence to such as are essentially moral. "The essence of all true morality is utter disregard of the practical consequences of our acts." This definition the individual is free to act upon, but not the State. The statesman is to be praised for confining his means of defence to such as are morally blameless, if they suffice for defence; but if he will employ no others against force and fraud, and if as a practical consequence his country is ruined under the blows of a State less scrupulous, he plays the fool both with his trust and with morality.

The justification of this wicked statement is the perpetuation of war between nation and nation as unavoidable. For war is a return by consent to the natural order of things—the same that is seen at work in the tooth-and-claw rivalries of the animal kingdom. In them there is no morality; and how much of it is there, if there be none in patriotism, in the stratagem and havoc of war? No doubt it is true, as Mr. Morley says, that the usages of war are constantly undergoing mitigation. Explosive bullets are forbidden by agreement, and there is the blessed institution of field-hospitals and Red Cross societies; from which it is a reasonable and a gratifying inference that we are constantly making war more horrible in a spirit more benevolent. We are certainly making war more

horrible. The genius of the age, Invention, is ceaselessly employed in doing so amidst universal admiration. So that if we do put ambulances into the field we are careful to send more men to fill them—nation vying with nation in discovering a means of increasing the number. Truly, the ambulances are a good sign; but war is still an irremovable part of the system of things, and when it is most honorable is not a contest of strength alone. It is competition in destroying life, and limb, and goods, not only by monstrous violence, but by craft, guile, betrayal.

"Why, then," Mr. Morley asks in an ironic spirit, the bitterness of which must be respected, "Why should the ruler of a State be bound by a moral code from which the soldier is free?" I ask the same thing seriously. The ruler and the soldier are one to all intents and purposes. The statesman also is part of the machinery of war, both when it stands as a threat or moves to action. There is a distinctly existing state of war before a blow is struck; storm before the lightning strikes. And anything done in that period to avert a dangerous conflict that may be done in carrying it on is justified. We are assuming all along, remember, that we speak for a nation that is menaced with destruction, as a weak State by a strong one, or as it might be if England were threatened by a great Continental coalition. A state of war has commenced which may have ruin for result, and, if so, will proceed to it by means of the most dreadful slaughter, *plus* the practice of all manner of lies, deceits, ambushes, and betrayals. Why may not the rulers of the endangered country end the matter, if they can by lies, deceits, and ambushes *minus* the slaughter? Why must they rather risk the existence of a settled and benign civilization? I say I do not know.

If that is thought an unrighteous conclusion, it must be because of some strange conceit of practical statesmanship as unlicensed to work by the natural law, though the soldier may do so. But that can hardly be, since in all civ-



ilized States the ruler's word is the soldier's warrant; he has no other; and a man may lawfully do what he may lawfully command to be done, or any part of it. The authority is with the responsibility; and the responsibility lies with the ruling power. So that as long as resort to "the law of the beasts," as Machiavelli calls it, is obligatory or permitted for the safety of the State, the ruler is not only at liberty to employ it in all its branches, but he alone may do so in any branch properly. But he may never do so beyond the need; and what is blameless in the Machiavellian patriot is most guilty in the Machiavellian egotist.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
AT DAWN OF DAY.

The first grey light of the dawning is showing over the eastern hills as we stand on the firm edge of a wet common, or, more properly speaking, a swamp, which is the last portion left of a vast area of "quakes." Only a generation ago these were practically impassable, except to those wanderers of a nomadic type who had for generations been settled near them. These people gained their living from the fur, feathers, and fin that at one time were to be found there in great quantities. The growth of wood, copse, and moor was all laid under contribution by them; they really ruled these wilds in their own primitive fashion. The power they had was unacknowledged, but it was one that could make itself felt at times in most objectionable ways.

The middle of July is not a very favorable time for general observation, but for the few swimmers and waders that remain to breed with us that period is the best to watch them about with their broods. Birds of the same species do not nest according to rule or plan: some are very early and others very late in breeding. On and about a spot I have visited, not once but many times at the same time of year, some birds were constructing their nests, whilst others

were sitting hard; and in many instances broods were out and about. In the early stages—that is, when they are duffy—these latter are not allowed to leave their platforms of sedge, rush, or mare's-tails—some are made exclusively of one of these growths—before the sun is high up overhead and the water warm. Sitting on a bundle or sheaf of last year's sedges, we can see through a fringe of tall sword-blade grass, in which slight openings for purposes of observation have been made most carefully by means of slight forked alder-boughs. My water-boots are in the wet sludge, a long, heavy ash staff firmly planted between the knees in the soft mud; a sling is hitched round the stick as a rest for a powerful telescope that I use at times for purposes of accurate definition beyond a certain distance, instead of field-glasses. With my left hand resting on the top of the staff and the elbow of the right arm on my knee, I can turn the glass in all directions as it rests midway in the temporary sling, and the simple contrivance is as firm as a post. Midges and other winged fiends of a larger size, and of the most blood-thirsty habits, have to be borne with; the only relief being smothered exclamations that far overstep the boundary lines of refined diction. With the exception of the mallards, all the other cock-birds are foraging over the water, and diving beneath it for provender to take to the hens, so that they can feed their little coodlers. The shallow water is almost tepid with the heat. Just beyond the flowering rush-beds the water is little more than five feet in depth, not counting mud. Mallard, teal, coots, moorhens, dabchicks,—these latter, by the way, have as yet only just got their full complement of eggs—at least none of the tiny creatures are about with their parents,—a few water-ralls, and some herons that come here to feed, complete the show. A pale yellow, so pale that the light looks cold, succeeds to the grey; then through and over it comes the rose-tinted flush of morn, followed by the rising of the sun. As his lifegiving beams glide down and over the heather, to turn the grey sheet of water into liquid dancing gold, whilst the fowl splash and flutter over their morning wash, the cold mists that had

rested a few feet above the water throughout a night of semi-twilight rise up in the warm air above and float away. Insects, together with vegetable matters, form the food-supply of the young broods in their early stages. As some of the nests were not a dozen yards from our hiding-place, we can see the insects captured and the delicate weeds collected by the male birds and delivered to the females, who are sitting close, for distribution to their hovered young. All the nests have sloping gangways on one side or the other, as convenience or instinct dictated, so that the feathered father may walk up to his mate, and the young ones run down from out the nest to meet him, one at a time, and be fed, the food passing from his bill to theirs in the form of pellets about the size of large peas. For two hours I was busy sketching the various actions of seven young coots in a nest close to me. The tops of their heads looked like half-withered damask rosebuds, and this color, combined with the hairlike yellow fringe round their necks, and their greyish-black bodies, formed a fine bit of coloring, brought up and out in the most vivid manner by the greyish-green mare's-tails that composed the nest. As some of the structures with the birds on them are from fifteen to eighteen inches above the level of the water, the use of that sloping weed-gangway is evident. As long as the sun was full on the nest, the mother allowed her chicks to go down for the food that the father brought for them; but directly the least shadow fell she called them all to her and fed them under her.

No predaceous fish are here to disturb their domestic arrangements; in fact it is doubtful if any fish could live in the brown peat-water. Herons are here for the numerous small deer that are far more free than welcome in making their appearance at times. These birds have their time for coming and going: before eight o'clock they will rise as one bird, and betake themselves to the river below, where they will gorge to repletion on small fish that no one troubles about, such as gudgeon, loach, miller's-thumbs, and cray-fish, natter-jacks (the yellow-striped "running toads"), newts, snakes,

frogs—the snake's principal provender, —great water-beetles—the Goliaths of their race,—all are sampled by the grey herons when they visit this remnant of the primeval wilderness. Their visits to the river below, in order to pick up trifles here and there, seem to be made from a corrective point of view, just to set right what they have devoured in their swamp investigations. I saw this spot last when moonlight, a bright moon high up in a clear, cloudless sky, threw her soft light directly on and over the peat-water swamp, converting it into a silver mirror, framed in by a wide ebony border of rush and sedge. The distant hills and the near moorlands only showed out as great shadowy masses more or less defined according to distance. Not a sound could be heard; even the "puckridges"—a local name for the fern-owl or eve-jars—for a time seem to have forgotten their only song, the whirr of the spinning-wheel. Why it should be so absolutely silent at certain seasons I have never been able to discover. Not even the hum from a moth's wing or a beetle's boom is to be heard, all around and about is at perfect rest; so quiet is it that your own breathing falls on your ear distinctly, as you look on the wondrous scene, from the cool damp sward of the moor.

A lowering dawn, the damp air being charged with electricity, finds us in the very heart of a woodland haunt, returning home after being out all through the night. Two courses are open to us, either to go the nearest way through some belts of oak-woods, or over the moors and through the fir warrens,—a longer distance, but, under the threatening aspect of the weather, the safer route.

Oaks I have seen struck and riven by lightning repeatedly, but a fir-tree only once in a lifetime: there is the tree in front of us, a forest giant, torn and twisted as if the great limbs were rope cables. When fairly on the moors, a heavy curtain of dark-grey hot mists blots all out with the exception of the tops of the firs on the higher ground. Then from out the grey veil shoots a blinding flash of forked lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. Flash follows flash, and peal follows

peal; then the wind comes rushing and roaring through the firs, and whirls the mist away. Some rabbits and one solitary hare appear to fly over the ground and vanish like shadows. The pipits, or, as they are far more frequently called, "titlings," or tit-larks, endeavor to rise up from where they have been feeding; but their long tails get "slewed" by the winds, and they nearly turn turtle. After a few flicks from their wings, very much on one side, they drop down again, cheeping in the most disconsolate manner. Presently we almost walk on a fine old cock pheasant, a real stout moor-rover. As he rises, his long tail-feathers almost touch our shoulders; but the wind is too much for him, his long tail swings round in a curve, and away he goes down-wind like a rocket, sounding out his frantic alarm notes of chuck-chuck-chuck-chuck-keep-chuck-chuck. Then down comes the rain; not a shower, but sheets of it, blotting out all objects from view far and near—a blinding torrent of water. In two minutes we are as thoroughly wet through as if we had plunged into a river. The ruts on the moor are full of water rushing down to the trout-stream below; in fact, we can hear the splashing from those nearest to us as they lap like miniature cascades from the banks direct into the stream. Drenched clothes are not pleasant; but no harm will come from them if you keep moving and change directly you reach home. As a rule, wild things make for cover on the first indications of a storm; but, like common humanity, some of them are sure to be abroad, if it comes on them quickly. The storm passes away with low grumbings over the northern range of hills, for it came up direct from the south. The sun shows warm and bright, the rain-drops glitter all over the moor-turfs, as if millions of diamonds had been scattered broadcast over it. From the very top twigs of the trees and stunted bushes all the choristers of the district break into full song and gay twitters; for they know well that after the air is cleared, life will be brighter. The same atmospheric changes that depress human beings affect bird life.

It has been a dry night, without dew, so that we can pass along the path that

leads from the fir woods direct through the meadow and through the farm-road—a public one, although rarely used in this sequestered spot—into the lonely woodland roads beyond. When heavy dews are on the grass in water-meadows, it is best to avoid them if possible, for this moisture has a most penetrating quality. Lonely as the old red-bricked farm so snugly sheltered at the foot of the well-wooded hollow is, no dogs are loose outside of it, that I know well; but three game fox-terriers have their stations at night inside the fine old place,—one on the mat at the front door, another at the back, and one in the kitchen. You may pass along at any time of the night, or in the early dawn, without being challenged; but if they hear a step on any of the three paths leading to where they are stationed, their infuriated, sharp, yapping yells of defiance will be heard plainly enough, inside and out. Very little life is moving so early as two o'clock in the morning: a solitary thrush perches on the top shoot of a fir, and pipes once or twice; but evidently thinking he has made a mistake in the time, he drops down to his rest again.

It has continued hot and dry for two entire months; in fact, they have in some places been forced to carry water to the sheep. All the cattle are down in the grass, not one of them is up, a sure sign that they have fed well through the night without anything to disturb them; all you can hear from them is munch-munch as they peacefully chew their cud. They will come to the farm-gate of their own accord before five o'clock, at the sound of the milking-can. The poultry roost outside here, and take their chance all through the spring, summer, and early autumn; the turkeys, fowls, and the guinea-fowls or "come-backs," in the trees. When winter comes they must be placed under cover from prudential motives. The fine Aylesbury ducks, large farmyard and half-bred wild ducks, are all asleep on the grassy margin of the duck-pond, the various breeds in separate companies, not mixed up anyhow. We know that geese are about somewhere; but if we can avoid it, not one of these grey patriarchal ganders will get a glimpse of us as we move along slowly over the turf.

If one does, he will open his mouth and give out his honking, gabbling noise, loud enough to be heard in the hush of early morn a mile away.

What we want is to see some of the tenants of that farmyard before the house-folks are moving. The sparrows are waking up in their nesting-holes under the thatch. Then one of the farm cats crosses the road in front, with something in her mouth; not a rat or rabbit, nor yet a young game bird or hare, but a full-grown stoat. I have often seen cats with stoats and weasels in their mouths that they have killed; yet when puss gets a few yards out of bounds the keeper shoots her when he can. Over the thatched roof of the great barn a white owl flaps, with some small quarry in its bill. This is not held, as is usually the case, by one foot, or, if the prey is of some size, by both. The reason for this is soon made clear, for the bird makes directly for the top of the pigeon-cote, hooks on with its claws to the lower edge of a crack in the boards, and enters sideways in the most expeditious manner, through a small hole that looked only large enough for a starling to pass through.

If a bat enters the trunk of a hollow tree, or a hole in one of its limbs, it flies to it at full speed and vanishes like a flash. Owls do the same: they look large when on the wing, but I have repeatedly seen both species—the brown owl and the white owl—come with a dash and disappear like magic into their holes, not ten feet above my head. As to how it is done, that is only a matter for conjecture; the action is gone through far too quickly for you to make out its details.

To all appearance there is nothing in the farmyard but dirty trampled straw: there are one or two heaps about that look as if one of the farm hands had shaken some of it up, in passing through, with his fork. Presently—somewhat to our surprise, for we are not thinking how the raised straw-heaps come to be there—one of them heaves up, the straw falls down on either side, and a great, gaunt, red-eyed vicious-looking sow rears herself up and shakes the straw from her, followed by nine perky-looking, nose-wriggling lit-

tle snorkers. These were very wide-awake all at once, as young pigs usually are: they rooted the straw up with their snouts, buried beneath it, poking their heads up to give out a snork and a week-week-week or two, just to let the remainder of their brothers and sisters know where they had got to; then, with one of those rushes that only young pigs can execute, they are all huddled round the sow, rubbing their snouts against her legs and lean sides in the most affectionate manner, to dash off again all round the yard, followed by their ever-watchful, vicious, grunting parent.

In ranging over wild places where rough swine with their litters have been turned out for the mast-feed of a whole season, eyes and ears have to be on the alert: for the creatures make rough hovers of brush-twigs, rough grass from the tussock-humps, and dead leaves. If you are unfortunate enough to stumble on or over one of these, the sow will charge with a rush, making the most desperate snaps with those powerful jaws which if they struck home would break one's leg. Fortunately the alarm notes proceeding from her disturbed progeny keep her within a yard or so of the spot. It is best to clear out and leave them all to it just as quickly as one can. This hover-making is the hereditary habit transmitted by their wild progenitors: "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh."

The rattle of cart-horse hoofs sounds on the pitching of the stables, and the carter and his mate will soon be there to attend to their beasts: so we pass out of the yard again into the woodland road, to come back when all is bathed in the light of a golden eve: then the corn-fields above the farm will show out as great patches of dead gold, the light will creep up and over those fields until it rests on the heather-covered hills directly above, which show out in great masses of purple or pale rose, according to the color of the heath. Just before the sun dips down, a great shaft of golden light falls for a few moments on the blooming heather, causing it to appear like some gigantic upland garden, a mass of bloom.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

From Good Words.

A MEMORABLE ART CLASS.

Never without an afterglow of grateful memory will the first art class of the Working Men's College be remembered by those few living who were privileged to belong to it.

How long ago it seems! The whole social heavens have altered. In art, in theology, and in literature, their polarity has changed. It needs some effort to-day to recall the hope that the rise of the Broad Church inspired. The Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice's lectures are difficult enough reading to-day, but in 1850 we thought them inspired. The distinction and charm of Maurice's personality were part of the spell, but the whole time was one of expansion and hope.

Carlyle was writing "Past and Present;" Charles Kingsley as "Parson Lot" was translating Chartism into gospel, his latter-day and anti-game-law lyrics penetrated like leaven. Maurice's Bible-class for young men on the Gospel of John was a mystic outpouring. It seemed as if a new dispensation was at hand. I never knew how far our beloved John Ruskin accepted Mauriceism, but he threw himself heartily into art work at the College in 1854.

It was a foggy November night when three friends presented themselves at the dingy old rooms in Red Lion Square. One of the three was the late too little known artist and thinker, James Smetham. We sat upon a school bench and matriculated. The examination was not rigorous. We read a paragraph from a newspaper, wrote a few sentences from dictation, and worked a short division sum. But simple as it was, Smetham who read Horace and Ariosto in the original, broke down three times in the arithmetic.

We then went up to the studio. On the third floor two small rooms had been broken into one; they were so closely packed with easels as to deny elbow room. Our master had most generously provided materials and copies. We began to work. I cannot hope to describe the delights of those evenings. Twice a week John Ruskin positively beamed; he devoted himself to those who gave themselves sincerely to study.

He taught each of us separately, studying the capacities of each student.

We drew a plaster of Paris ball, giving the intersecting shadows of a score of gas lights; then a small plaster cast of a natural leaf. After that he went to nature; a spray of dried laurel leaves, a feather, a bit of spar to show the lines of cleavage; every kind of natural structure. He soon encouraged us to try color, warning us that gaslight altered all the values, but saying that color was too delightful to be foregone. For one pupil he would put a cairngorm pebble or fluor-spar into a tumbler of water, and set him to trace their tangled veins of crimson and amethyst. For another he would bring lichen and fungi from Anerley Woods. Once, to fill us with despair of color he brought a case of West Indian birds unstuffed, as the collector had stored them, all rubies and emeralds. Sometimes it was a fifteenth-century Gothic missal, when he set us counting the order of the colored leaves in each spray of the MS. At other times it was a splendid Albert Dürer wood-cut that we might copy a square inch or two of herbage and identify the columbines and cyclamens. He talked much to the class, discursively but radiantly. I think I remember that in politics and religion he leaned to order rather than progress. He had just published his "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds;" we hoped we understood it, and thought it admirable. I have a delightful memory of an architectural evening, principally given to French Gothic, comparing Amiens, Rouen, and Beauvais. He reprinted for us a chapter from the "Seven Lamps," with all the illustrations—"Notes on Northern Gothic." This brochure must be a treasure to-day. (Alas! I lent and lost my own.) On another night he introduced to us Alfred Rethel's work, especially the weird "Auch ein Todtentanz."

He was hard to please, I remember, in engraving. Etching he thought frivolous; even Rembrandt's were too elaborate and over subtle. He praised on the other hand the bold, graver work of the Florentines. For the eighteenth-century lozenge shading he had reprobation only. He thought tints should



be line beside line. One day he hung up a proof of a saint by Domenichino, as "the worst specimen he had ever seen of a perilous art." He praised Blake warmly, especially the "Book of Job," which he said was greater than much of Rembrandt.

But he detested most of all the Flaxman outlines, illustrations of Homer and Dante. He said they were "examples of every kind of falsehood and feebleness which it was possible for a trained artist to commit. You could not have a more finished example of learned error, amiable want of meaning, and bad drawing with a steady hand." And surely we agree with him. He told us if we got to like large, cross-hatched, finished prints after Correggio or Raphael we were lost, unless we forthwith sold, or better still, burned them. I showed him a purchase I had made from a Saturday night's umbrella, when I bought for a few pence a Marc Antonio's "Muses on Parnassus" and two of Ruysdael's marvellous etchings. But Albert Dürer was his favorite master. We copied bits of the great and smaller passions, the "St. Hubert" and the "St. Jerome." Nor were we allowed to protest against the angularities and deformed toes of the great Nuremberger's creation. But of course the polestar of his artistic heavens was Turner. One by one, he brought for us to examine his marvels of water-color art from Denmark Hill. He would point out the subtleties and felicities in their composition, analyzing on a blackboard their line schemes. Sometimes he would make us copy minute portions of a "Liber," some line of footsteps, or the handles of a plough. He would not allow us to copy Turner in colors, saying that would come years after, at present nothing of these but line. How generous he was! He had reams of the best stout drawing-paper made specially for us, supplying every convenience the little rooms would hold. He commissioned William Hunt of the Old Water Color Society to paint two subjects for the class, and both were masterpieces. One was a golden, metallic, dried her-ring and some open mussel-shells, and the other some eggs and yellow onions; to show how brilliant the humblest subjects might become in a master's hands.

He used to say if you gave one man the pigments of every tint of the rainbow, he would paint you a dull picture, but give another a little whitening, or a little slate and brickdust, and he will produce a brilliant and harmonious one.

Although I have reason to think he was at this time privately suffering, he seemed delighted with his class. His face would light up when he saw a piece of honest or delicate work; it was, perhaps, his greatest fault as a teacher that he was sometimes too lavish of his praise. He had spent one happy summer in Switzerland, and brought to show us a folio of his work. He had drawn and painted nothing but glaciers. He compared them to dragons, to serpents. They had cast a fetichistic spell over him. On formal occasions he did not speak well. His style was over-elaborate and paradoxical, but on these evenings he talked divinely; we were carried away by the current of his enthusiasm. Often his subject was poetry, and then he was never tired of praising Scott. I could not give in to his dispraise of Coleridge as "sickly and useless," or of Shelley as "shallow and verbose," though I feared he might be right, and that we should have to come round to think so.

He took a great interest in the art work of a young publisher's assistant, and sent him, at his own expense, to Venice to copy a few bits of Byzantine sculpture there. When the student arrived he settled down to Titian's "Peter Martyr" instead. Ruskin was indignant, but B— managed to stay on and paint Venice for himself. He soon got patronized by wealthy Englishmen and Americans, and lived there till his death.

Ruskin never himself knew how much he did for many of us. It is not too much to say that the whole of our following lives have been enriched by these hours we spent with him. One student drew birds' nests more minutely than Hunt, and another finished groups of fungi beyond human eyesight.

I cannot remember how soon Dante Gabriel Rossetti became our joint teacher. It may have been from the first. With him also was associated Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Rossetti came on

alternate evenings with Ruskin, and taught figure and water-color painting.

He was very kind and sincere; he spoke little, and with a mournful inflection of voice. Art was his religion, he never talked Mauricism. Rossetti was not without an unexpected flash of satire. Once a pompous student, who, unlike the generality of us, was able to buy adequate art materials, asked Rossetti whose colors he advised us to get, "those of Messrs. R—— or of Messrs. W—— and N——?" "Ah!" said Rossetti, "I don't know, I generally use the halfpenny colors from the oil-shop myself." And I can almost believe it, for I well remember a shabby box of fragments, that he used to rattle amongst, rubbing with an almost dry brush on hard chips, but getting always the color he wanted with surprising and harmonious effects. His method was, I have heard, adopted from Madox Brown; they called it the "dry brush style." Cobalt and vermilion were mixed to a neutral, and the charged brush stroked on a waste piece of paper till it ceased to streak. When the shaded scheme of the design was worked over, it had the effect of an unpleasantly toned aquatint. Into the interstices of the paper he worked bright chrome, cobalt, and red lead! (I am sure red lead, with pangs of conscience as being treacherous.) For flesh he used vermilion with raw emerald green, and a little purple carmine. Half done, his work had a strange iridescence, but he was far too sensitive an artist to be satisfied till he got the depth and harmony he sought; and I feel sure, although he disclaimed it, and believed somehow he had not done it, he glazed and deepened his shadows. He objected to pencil outlines. He would say: "The masses of shade are the drawing, begin with them. The first fact to notice is the shade on one side the nose, put that in as tint; then the shade on cheek and chin." He thought it insincere to put drawing where it was only inferred. Thus, when I had once drawn the return to an eyelid, he said: "Get rid of that academic fribble! draw only what you see."

On one occasion, Ruskin had been denying wings to angels, but wishing to show how plunions should be drawn, he

sent into our class-room a great hamper of birds. There was a fine cock pheasant, a wild duck, a partridge, a wood-pigeon, and other birds. He then challenged Rossetti, Lowes Dickinson, and Smetham, to paint a specimen for our instruction. Dickinson chose the pheasant, and tossing it upon the table, in an hour had struck out a bold romantic sketch in browns and reds that was very convincing. The partridge and wood-pigeon were also painted. Rossetti got the duck, and spent an hour tying it on a drawing-board with string into a round heap. The grey dry brush went on, we watching with profound interest. The next evening he proceeded to cover it with bright chrome. We grew uneasy, we could see no yellow in the bird. For the next few nights he was absent, and before the drawing could proceed another stage, the house-keeper for sanitary reasons had removed the model; we never knew what scheme he had in his mind. Yet he could inspire and even thrill us; we loved him so, and were happy to render him the smallest service. I have said he talked little, but at times he did so enthusiastically. I remember how he came late one night and said he had been with the Brownings, and had played with their only child, "a boy who did not know his parents were poets," and that Mrs. Browning had read some pages from her new poem that would be immortal. It was to be called "Aurora Leigh." Whereat some one asked what was Robert Browning as a poet like? Rossetti cried fiercely, "Like?" Why, in his lyrics, he is like Shelley, in his dramas he is like Shakespeare!"

Sometimes we got permission to see his pictures. I remember at this time, his memorable cupboard, painted I think for William Morris. On one lid was Dante's first meeting with Beatrice in a Florence street, and on the other Dante's last vision of her in the earthly paradise, when she lifts her veil and says, "Look at me well, for in sooth I am Beatrice." She is standing beside a lovely hedge of roses with brilliant birds flying. The keyhole and the handle came frankly into the picture. I have seen them since; the furniture removed and the panels framed as pictures. But they looked less startlingly

beautiful than at first. Another picture of Rossetti's I have never seen described since, was "The first night after the Crucifixion." John the disciple had taken Mary to his own home. A window looked out over a distant Calvary bereft of its crosses. Mary was lighting the watch lamp, John was bent pondering a scroll of Isaiah. A stormy sunset flooded the picture with purple light. The whole, as I remember it now, was very impressive. I think there must have been frequent amazing failure in the drawing, but the color was so deep and "Bellinesque" in its glow that all its faults were condoned after one impatient glance. The "Borgia family" was a subject several times attempted. In the one I liked best Lucrezia leaned back in her chair, playing with a golden chain. She wore a glorious dress, and had a fleece of golden hair. The hateful pope leered, and Caesar furtively dropped poison in the wine; in front a boy and a girl danced, and behind a maid-servant from a window looked down upon the tragedy. Other pictures were, "Seeing Themselves," "Dr. Johnson and the Fair Methodists," "Mary at the House of Simon the Pharisee," and the grotesque "Jan Van Eyck's Studio." We saw these and others by stealth. He did not want our worship. About this time the illustrated Tennyson was being prepared. Rossetti drew five subjects for it.<sup>1</sup> Some of these were intrusted to that supreme engraver, W. J. Linton. The two men could not understand each other. Rossetti was furious at the liberties Linton took with his designs. Linton sneered, "If I had cut them as he drew them! ! !"

About this time too I saw on the wood the charming drawing of the Maids of Elfin Mere done for that violet of a book, "Day and Night Songs," by William Allingham, published in 1855. In 1862 he designed a mystical frontispiece to his sister Christina's volume, "The Goblin Market and other Poems." Besides these I am not aware that he drew again for the press. One day Rossetti scribbled in ink on the back of a letter

<sup>1</sup> I saw on the wood the mysterious heading to the "palace of art"—St. Cleely with lovely falling hair and the amazing "angel that looked at her." Below a soldier ate an apple and a dove escaped from a prison grating.

a motive for a picture, two lovers embracing in a turret of a castle wall. The subject pleased him and he blotted in a scheme of color. Both figures wore red. The wall against which they stood was red also. Red also was the woman's hair. The fields beyond were vivid green and the sky blue. This scrap of paper had an indescribable dignity and a charm almost Titianesque. It was as full of poetry as a border ballad. He painted it later on, but never so well as in the rude, letter-paper sketch.

Rossetti was living then in chambers in Chatham Place, Blackfriars. The rooms might have been in Venice for their mediæval charm and their many surprises.

In one corner he had put two large mirrors at right angles, which gave a startling vision of endless beautiful rooms beyond. He early discovered the splendid decorative value of old embossed Spanish leather.

As a teacher Rossetti was often absent. Sometimes (the now Sir Edward) Burne-Jones took his place; once I think Windus came. Some one asked Ruskin if Rossetti were industrious; Ruskin replied, "If you call beginning work at nine o'clock at night and working impetuously till daybreak, then sleeping till afternoon, industrious, he may be."

In 1856 the college moved from Red Lion Square to Great Ormond Street, where the class had more room, but, alas! we lost our masters. Ruskin went abroad, and although he came to address us once or twice the class was under other management. For a time Ford Maddox Brown was an inspiring teacher. Burne-Jones, who was then Venetian in feeling, rather than Florentine, came for some months. Mr. Valentine Prinsep followed, giving valuable teaching; but the class had changed. Maurice and Kingsley died. The old unity was gone. We did much more life work. Our models were simple, unprofessional folk. One night the sitter was absent, and a student went into the street to capture a substitute. After some time he returned with two reluctant navvies, tempted by half a crown each for the evening. They were very suspicious; and when they had stumbled up two flights of stairs the door of the physiology class stood open, with

great colored diagrams of the dissected human figure. With looks of horror they fled in a noisy stampede down the old staircase, only feeling safe when they had put a street or two between them and the class. The college prospered under its new president, but the Broad church wave was spent. The rosy glow of an inspired hope passed, fading into the light of common day.

THOMAS SULMAN.

---

From *The Spectator*.

FISH AND FOWL IN THE NORFOLK MEAL-MARSHES.

On the coast of North Norfolk, for some sixteen miles from Brancaster to Blakeney, there is now growing up one of the most remarkable natural reclamations to be seen in our islands. The area now added, or in process of being added, to the land is, roughly speaking, forty square miles, fringing the original shore for a depth of from one and a half miles to two and a half miles. Though this is a fact remarkable in itself, the origin, present condition, and vegetable and animal life of the "meal-marshes," as they are locally called, make the whole area one of extraordinary interest to the naturalist. Considered from the point of view of mechanical structure, these vast flats are a level of fat, alluvial soil, averaging from ten feet to fifteen feet of rich, soaplike earth laid upon the old sea-bottom, intersected by creeks large and small, up which the tide rushes at every flood. But the whole surface, instead of being mud and slime, is covered with dense vegetation like that of a sea-moor, and the deposit has been so rapid that at present only the highest tides ever cover the surface of the "meals."

We do not know that any one has answered the question, "Whence came the soil that has made the meal-marshes?" By "common form" they ought to have been made either by mud carried down by rivers and spread along the shore, as, for instance, the Lymington River spreads the soil of the New Forest along the foreshore of the

Solent, or by the deposit left by the daily flood-tide, advancing over the bottom of a muddy sea, and depositing the silt on the shore. But here there is not a single stream larger than a brook to lay down these forty square miles of new land, and the sea-bottom opposite the meal-marshes and for a score of miles out into the North Sea is not mud, but one vast shoal of bright and shifting sand. It is clear, therefore, that this new land was not transported from the adjacent sea-bottom. Yet the form of the "meal-marshes" indicates that the soil has been deposited by the tides, and history shows that the process has been extraordinarily rapid. There is evidence of this even in the soil of the new land, for recently at a depth of eight feet the wicker-work of a fisherman's basket was found, in which the osiers had been cut with a knife, and finished off in quite modern fashion. As the few brooks which debouch on the new land could never have made more than the most insignificant contribution to its formation, and the bottom of all the adjacent sea is not earth but sand, it must be inferred that the soil of the "meal-marshes" has been transported from a distance by the sea. Some twenty miles to the east beyond Cromer the sea is washing away the land almost as fast as it is adding to it on the northern coast. But the inference that it is this soil which forms the meal-marshes is unlikely, because all the currents and tides setting from the East show clear water. The main rush of current and tide comes on to the meal-marshes from the West, rushing out of the estuary of the Wash, and these tides are thick and muddy. The bottom of the Wash itself is sand; but it is known that mud is capable of almost infinite subdivision in water, and the conclusion as to the recent formation of the Norfolk meal-marshes is as follows. The whole of these hundreds of millions of tons of soil have been originally brought into the Wash by the great rivers of the Fens. The constant efforts of engineers to increase the current of the outfall of the Fen rivers have had for result that only a part of the earth held in suspension in their flooded water is dropped upon the bottom near their mouths.

The rest is carried like floating clouds across thirty miles of sea, and laid in compact and ever-increasing layers on a distant and disconnected coast.

In the present month the surface of the new land, and the ebb and flow of the waters in its creeks, present a scene of unique beauty and interest. In parts of the marsh the flowers of the sea-lavender literally cover the ground, flower touching flower, with hundreds of acres of unbroken violet-grey. On the wetter parts the "crab grass" clusters like deep heather, and on the mounds and little lawns of grass, curlews, whimbrel, gulls, redshanks, and terns sit all day basking in the summer sun. As the writer sat up to his waist in sea-lavender and screened by thick bushes of that strange plant, the *suada*, which seems capable of living in all shapes, from mere pink *bacilli* lying on damp sand, to a bush as tall as broom, he saw the whole bird population of the meal-marsh enjoying their siesta. On the fringe of a muddy creek, all set round with young green samphire, were some thirty whimbrel, or "May-birds," as the gunners call them, with three or four curlews keeping sentry on the mud close by. A flock of gulls were washing themselves in a brackish pool close by, and others were floating in from the sands to join them. Stone-plover and a pair of shell-ducks were also sitting on a shingle-bed near the sea-lavender marsh, and the only birds not half-asleep were the redshanks and a flock of terns, which constantly shifted from creek to pool. The terns had discovered a shoal of small fish, and were dropping into one of the deeper creeks in a regular volley of dives and plunges. In the creek we met one of the old fowlers of the shore rowing up to get a shot at the curlews. He was variously equipped, having a coil of fishing-lines, a shrimp-net, and two guns. The lines he had used earlier, at the seaward mouth of the creek, but had taken no fish. "The tides," he remarked, were so heavy that "the poor things got carried past the hooks." Among the curlews he had better fortune, or rather availed himself of an acquired skill which was suffi-

ciently surprising. Paddling up, under shelter of the creek, to within some three hundred yards of where the curlews and "May-birds" sat, he whistled the shrill note of the curlew, at the same time shaking his cap over the edge of the creek, and then uttering the screaming whistle with redoubled energy. In an instant every curlew and "May-bird" near rose and came flying across the flats straight to the point at which he lay, and he kept them hovering and returning, until he had shot three of these wild and wary birds in an almost open flat.

This exhibition of the fowler's art drove away all bird-life for the time; but the creatures in the falling waters of the creeks were sufficiently amusing. The stream swarmed with "gillies," bold, bad, unpleasant little crabs, the "street arabs" of the tideway paths. When he thinks he is not observed, the gillie prowls thoughtfully along *frontways*, picking up bits of rubbish with his claws, or catching and killing any smaller and softer creature he meets. If he sees a man he rushes off sideways, over mud or water, shaking his big claw-like fists with an air of insolent and furious defiance. Once in the water he instantly sinks himself in the mud, digging fast with his small claws, until, with one final snap of defiance from his big claws, he vanishes in the mud. "Tracking" flat-fish is one of the minor sports of the creeks. The "butts" and flounders leave a trail on the sand, and if this is followed the fish may be seen, lying all covered with sand, and only showing a wry mouth and a pair of eyes through the sand-grains. The gunners follow up the fish, and catch it by setting their naked foot upon the flounder's back. This primitive fishing has a certain lazy charm; but the ideal form for the artistic capture of all the creek fishes left in the channels at the ebb-tide would be the employment of trained comorants. If any local gunner or boatman would rear a brood of these clever birds, and train them, they would earn a living for themselves and him during the summer months, and bring in a certain revenue from visitors curious to witness their performance.



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A DRAGON FLY.

From Knowledge.

If the lower jaw be a sign of strength of character, the dragon fly (*Libellula*), in its larval state, must be of an exceptionally resolute disposition, for the lower jaw or mask is no less than three times as long as the head, and is furnished at the end with a kind of horny split lip and a pair of very serviceable nippers. The lower jaw measures half an inch, and the whole head a trifle over a third of this length. No ordinary arrangement could possibly adapt such a jaw to its head, and if any one will try resting the chin in the palm of the hand, and extending the thumb and little finger, he will have a very fair notion of this terrible jaw—the thumb and little finger representing the nippers of the jaw, and the whole arm representing the jaw or mask. This mask, in fact, is jointed in the middle with a kind of elbow, and, when not extended for the purpose of seizing prey, extends downwards from the lingua, to which it is attached, as far as the second pair of legs, and then up again to meet the maxillæ; the edges of the mask, when so folded up, fitting closely against each other, and forming altogether what looks like an enormous chin.

The action of protruding and withdrawing the mask with lightning rapidity is very much like that of the tongue of the frog; but it must be confessed that our friend is not so good a sportsman, for he as often as not aims short in his eagerness and misses his mark, but the more phlegmatic frog never misses.

It is difficult at first to see how the larva progresses through the water, for he has no feathered legs for swimming, nor does he use his legs for this purpose. As a rule he creeps slowly and stealthily along the bottom, or rests immovable with the body pressed closely against an upright stem, or stands on tip-toe with chin on high, expectantly waiting for what fortune may send him; but he can, when alarmed, shoot through the water with the speed and straightness of a tor-

pedo-boat, and without any perceptible means of propulsion. Having, apparently, anticipated the latest discovery of naval mechanics, he propels his vessel by means of a jet of water violently driven out of the stern; as the water, however, has to be drawn in again by the same vent (the rectum), his journeys by this method are not very long, and are somewhat spasmodic. This drawing in and expelling of water through the rectum is the ordinary method of respiration also, which is effected chiefly under water, at least during the earlier larval stages; but the larva is also able to breathe atmospheric air in a way not yet fully understood, I believe, but which was to be expected in an insect whose later existence was to be spent in air—not in water. It may be noticed that as the time for the final change approaches, the nymph is fond of resting with either the extreme tip of the tail out of water or else the head and one or both shoulders (if they may so be called). Now if a dry nymph skin be examined, two spiracles like horny lips will be found, one on each side, behind the head, placed vertically in the fold between the segments bearing the first and second pair of legs, and these spiracles in the living larva may be noticed open when above water; and, again, of the three spines closing the rectum, the two lateral ones are sharp, but the third is cut off at the point and grooved within, and forms with the two lateral ones a minute channel as large as a fine needle, which is always open—even when the spines appear to be quite closed—and this apparently also serves as a spiracle. White threads are seen proceeding from the split nymph skin. These are the tracheæ, which connect with the pair of spiracles already referred to, and are ruptured as the imago comes out. They easily locate the position of the spiracles in the dry nymph skin, if any difficulty is experienced in finding them from the outside.

When full fed the dull brown eyes of the larva become brilliant green, being indeed the color of the perfect eyes within; the larva then crawls la-

boriously up some stick or water plant, the body close pressed against the stem, and assisted by the scales and spines of the abdomen—not disdaining the friendly help of a pencil if such be forthcoming, and trying apparently with vigorous switchings of the abdomen, the stability of its chosen support.

After about ten minutes to half an hour of drying, the part immediately behind the eyes and above the wing cases swells, cracks, and opens, and discloses the bright green body of the perfect insect. Slowly the body emerges; the brown cases of the eyes are thrust farther and farther aside, and the enormous head with its compound eyes protrudes fully out; at the same time the little crumpled wings are drawn out of their cases, then the legs one by one, the imago now hanging with head bent right back and the wings pointing upwards, the whole insect hanging, with six segments of the abdomen exposed, wet and limp from the dry nymph skin, still clinging firmly to its support by its stiff and empty legs.

After hanging like this for some ten minutes or more, until the legs are strong enough, the insect, by a quick contraction of the body, suddenly lifts

its head, and seizing with all six legs the dry nymph skin, quickly withdraws the remaining four segments of the abdomen out of its sheath, and hangs by its legs alone. The wings now hang down and begin slowly to expand, at first dull and mealy-looking; as they lengthen they get flatter and clearer, until in about half an hour they show all the beauty of their gauzy texture. They are still, however, very pale green and soft, and the body of the insect is still wet and limp; but as the fluid which fills the animal is exuded drop by drop, the body stiffens and darkens, the wings dry, and are raised and then lowered to the position so well known. After about five hours from first emerging from the water, the perfect dragon fly is ready with quivering wings for its new life, often, alas! to be cut short within an hour by a hungry bird. It may seem incredible that birds should be able to catch so rapid a flier but when first out the dragon fly is not so very rapid on the wing, and is when fluttering or resting, a most conspicuous object. The poor ethereal *demoiselle*, almost before she has tasted the joys of her new and beautiful life, is snapped up by a vulgar sparrow.

A. EAST.

**Physical Effects of Music.**—The influence of music upon the respiration, the heart and the capillary circulation is the subject of a paper by MM. A. Binet and J. Courtier, in the *Revue Scientifique* (February 27). Experiments were made upon a well-known musical composer, and the investigators endeavored to determine effects produced by musical sound alone, as distinct from those due to emotions aroused by pieces associated with dramatic incidents or words. Isolated notes, chords in unison and discords were first tried. Both major chords struck in a lively manner and discords quickened the respiration, the latter more especially. Minor chords tended to retard respiration. When melodies were tried it was found that all, whether grave or gay, produced quickened respiration and increased

action of the heart. The lively tunes produced the greatest acceleration.

Where the sound was wholly uncomplicated by emotional ideas, as in single notes or chords, the heart's action was accelerated, but not in so marked a degree as when a melody either grave or gay was played. During operative pieces, or those well known to the subject, the acceleration attained its maximum. The influence of music on the capillary circulation was tested by a plethysmograph attached to the right hand. The capillary tracing showed that a slight diminution of pulsation was usually produced by musical sounds, the effect being very small when sad melodies were played, but well marked when lively airs were played.—Nature.





# PROSPECTIVE.

IN THE PAST THE LIVING AGE HAS REFLECTED  
MORE ESPECIALLY

## BRITISH,

BUT BY THE OPENING OF NEW DEPARTMENTS,  
and the INTRODUCTION OF "NEW FEATURES"  
IT WILL BE HENCEFORTH MORE EMPHATICALLY  
A REFLECTION OF THE

## WORLD'S

BEST THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.

The richest treasures of the vast storehouse of  
British current literature will be drawn upon as  
heretofore. In addition the representatives of  
progress in thought and action in

## CONTINENTAL EUROPE

will contribute of their choicest in papers of  
much interest and value; while, in the Monthly  
Supplement, the productions of

## AMERICAN

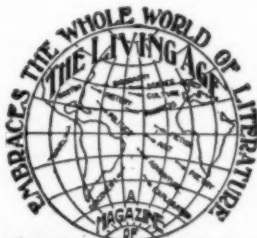
authors will be presented, and selections will be  
made from the most timely and suggestive  
new books.

The subscribers to THE  
LIVING AGE will thus  
have a work *absolutely*  
*unique*, for never be-  
fore has there been  
given in one periodical,  
matter

*So large in quantity,*

*So rich in quality,*

*So vast in scope.*



FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE LIVING AGE is published weekly at \$6.00 a year, by  
THE LIVING AGE CO., BOSTON,



## AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

Founded by Prof. Silliman in 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology,  
Physical Geography, Mineralogy,  
Natural History, Astronomy  
and Meteorology.

Editor: EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors:

GEORGE L. GOODALE, JOHN TROWBRIDGE, H. P.  
BOWDITCH and W. G. FARLOW, of Cambridge;  
O. C. MARSH, A. E. VERRILL and H. S. WIL-  
LIAMS, of Yale; G. F. BARKER, of the University  
of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; H. A. ROWLAND,  
of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.;  
I. S. DILLER, of U. S. Geol. Survey, Washington.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published an-  
nually in MONTHLY NUMBERS.

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes  
as a quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of  
50 volumes as a two-monthly in 1870. The *third*  
series of monthly numbers ended in 1895. A  
*fourth* series commenced with January, 1896.

Subscription price, \$6.00. 50 cents a number.  
A few sets on sale of the first, second and third  
series.

Ten volume index numbers on hand for the sec-  
ond and third series. An Index to volume XII  
to L (third series) was issued in January, 1896;  
price, 75 cts.

Address,

The American Journal of Science,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## It Will Pay You

To, First,

Preserve your numbers,  
and, Second,

Bind your volumes

—OF—

## THE LIVING AGE.

Every phase of thought is reflected in its pages,  
every movement chronicled, and every form of  
literature is discussed. It is a depository of the  
latest and best literature of the age. When bound  
a year's issues make four compendious volumes  
of about 900 pages each. Their contents are of  
permanent and ever increasing value and well  
worthy of preservation. The bound volumes  
constitute a valuable addition to any library.

Subscribers sending us their unbound copies  
can have them returned substantially bound in  
black cloth, gilt lettered backs, for 75 cents each.

Those wishing to have their volumes bound by  
a local binder can be supplied with binding cov-  
ers, postpaid, at 50 cents each.

Address

THE LIVING AGE CO.,

P. O. Box 5206, Boston.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

## Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa



Trade-Mark.

Pure,  
Delicious,  
Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE  
CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package  
bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

Established 1780,

Dorchester, Mass.

## COMPLETE INDEX

TO

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

(1844-1896.)

In 2 Volumes at \$10 each.

So to go thousand references under  
Author and Subject titles.

Vol. 1 now ready for delivery on re-  
ceipt of price.

E. ROTH,

1135 Pine St., Philadelphia.

SPENCERIAN  
STEEL PENS BEST

THEY WRITE WELL. WEAR LONG.  
ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.  
Samples sent for trial on receipt of return postage.



EMERSON PIANOS

116 Boylston Street, Boston.  
92 Fifth Avenue, New York

SPENCERIAN  
PEN CO.

THEY WRITE WELL. WEAR LONG.  
ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.

